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FOUR HITHERTO
UNPUBLISHED GOSPELS

WILLIAM E. BARTON

FOUR HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED GOSPELS

A SERIES OF CHARACTER STUDIES CAST IN THE FORM OF PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF

JOHN *the Baptist*, ANDREW *the Brother of Simon Peter*, JUDAS ISCARIOT, JAMES *the Brother of Jesus*

BY

WILLIAM E. BARTON

Author of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," "Jesus of Nazareth; His Life and the Land He Lived In," "The Psalms and Their Story," etc.

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John the Baptist
Andrew
Judas Iscariot
James
Fiction. Religion

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TO

WILLIAM GOODELL FROST

FOR MANY YEARS PRESIDENT
OF BEREA COLLEGE

WHO BY A LIFE OF HEROIC DEVOTION
TO A GREAT CAUSE HAS NOBLY
SERVED HIS GENERATION

15639

PREFACE

THE impulse to write narrative accounts of the life and ministry of Jesus came rather late into the history of New Testament composition. The first books written were letters, called out by particular emergencies, and were preserved by reason of the practical wisdom of the advice given by the apostolic authors. Some of the later letters assumed a more formal character, and one or two of them, like Romans and Hebrews, evolved into doctrinal treatises in epistolary form. After a time there were compiled little collections of detached "sayings" of Jesus, which later were followed by attempts to tell the story of his life. By the time the Gospel according to Luke was written, many had "taken in hand" to give account of the life of Jesus. Of these early narratives, four have been preserved. We have good reason to believe that these are much the best of the attempts to tell the story of Jesus. Such apocryphal gospels as have come down to us either entire or in fragments give us little occasion to regret the loss of the others.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that there were other men who knew Jesus, some of whom were members of the apostolic group, who, if they had written of the life and ministry of Jesus as they saw it, would have told us some things which the four Gospels have omitted, just as each of our four gospels contains something which is omitted by all three of the others, and we have no reason to doubt that they would have done this truthfully and that, whether such books ever became a part of the New Testament or not, they would have had genuine value for us.

In the following chapters no considerable attempt is made to reconstruct incidents which the Gospels do not record, or to imagine scenes which these men witnessed in which the others did not have a share. Such a literary method would involve more of modern imagination than seems profitable. But it is in order to recall the events in which we know these particular men participated and to endeavour to discover how they would have appeared in their eyes. Such a method cannot seem irreverent, and it may be pursued with profit. Our four Gospels might have been eight or twelve; each of the apostles might have written one; and so might others who like Mark and Luke had never been apostles.

These four narratives make no pretence of antiquity. They are a modern attempt to discover what kind of side-light would have been cast upon the ministry of Jesus if four other men, besides the four who have told us of Him, had written brief stories of what they saw and thought about Jesus. For most that these contain, the Four Gospels themselves are our authority; but the material is given a somewhat different emphasis when we attempt to view it successively through the eyes of John the Baptist, James the brother of Jesus, Judas Iscariot, and Andrew the brother of Simon Peter.

If anyone finds himself disposed to criticise the application of the term "Gospel" to these *quasi* autobiographical sketches, I shall be the first to admit the justice of the criticism. If a "gospel" be an attempt to tell the whole story of the life of Jesus, these are not gospels, but personal reminiscences. But we have come to use the word "gospel" in a special sense which may perhaps be sufficiently elastic to cover these narratives. The use of the word "gospel" to describe any narrative is an accommodation of language. Gospel is "good news" and the term is used in the New Testament strictly in this sense. Paul rejoiced when Timothy arrived in Corinth and "preached the gospel" that the people of Thessalonica were steadfast in their

faith and in their affection for him (I Thes. 3:6). But we have come to use the term in the technical sense of an account of the life of Jesus, though the titles, as everyone knows, are simply "According to Matthew," "According to Mark," and so on. The term gospel is convenient for this purpose, and the present use of it is no violent departure from established usage.

These four narratives differ only in form and not in their essential method from ordinary forms of Bible study. Their chief point of difference is the use of the first person instead of the third. All the inquiry as to motive and mental attitude which these studies undertake has to be undertaken in any intelligent attempt to interpret the Gospel narratives. But the use of the first person has this literary and practical advantage, that it assists the process of psychological analysis; it causes us to inquire not so much how these four men appeared, as how events which they witnessed appeared to them. This is not only a legitimate but a useful method of study. The Bible is rich in biographical material; we use it too little and with unnecessary restrictions as to method and form. Any method of study which reminds us that the apostles were real men, and acted upon motives

such as are common to the experience of men, is useful and to be desired.

This series of studies was delivered during the Lenten period of 1920 in the author's own church, and met with favor there.

The Scripture text used is that of the scholarly and suggestive translation of Dr. Moffatt. I acknowledge his courtesy and that of the publishers, George H. Doran Company, for its use.

W. E. B.

First Church Study,
Oak Park, Illinois.
Easter, 1920.

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FOUR HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED GOSPELS

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

IT will assist in the interpretation of the following chapters if we remind ourselves of the known facts and accepted or reasonably probable traditions concerning the four men whose reminiscences are imagined to be contained in the four succeeding narratives. It will be remembered that, with the exception of John the Baptist, we have no knowledge of any of the associates of Jesus prior to their coming to Him, except as the narratives of the four Gospels give us intimations of residence, occupation, name of father, and other incidental information; and that for knowledge of them after the close of the Gospels we have no certain information outside the Epistles and the Book of Acts, which is devoted almost exclusively to the work of Peter and Paul. The traditions that have been preserved are of variable reliability. In some cases they ap-

pear to carry a reasonable certainty, and in others they are almost certainly incorrect. Each of the four narratives has prefaced to it a selection of Scripture selections, giving some of the chief incidents in which these men respectively had a share; these do not undertake to give all the New Testament allusions, but the additional ones can easily be found by any interested student. For the ordinary reader they are sufficient. I deem it wise in addition to give these paragraphs of introduction to each of the four documents, and to assemble them in this general introduction in order to avoid needless breaks in the continuity of the main part of this little volume.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

JOHN THE BAPTIST was the eldest son and probably the only child of Zachariah, a priest, and Elizabeth, his wife. Elizabeth was a cousin of Mary, the mother of Jesus. They were not only cousins but friends, and Mary spent three months with Elizabeth during the period that preceded the birth of their respective children. John is supposed to have been about six months older than Jesus and died about a year and a half before the crucifixion of Jesus, when John was in his thirty-second year.

Our knowledge of the birth and childhood of John is contained in a single narrative, that of Luke, and belongs to that group of feminine traditions which is peculiar to the third Gospel.

This narrative tells us that John was a child of promise and was born when his parents were old. Their home was in a city of Judah, supposed to have been in the general region of Bethlehem and Hebron. It is not named and its precise location is not given. John was a Nazarite from his birth, not cutting his hair or beard or eating flesh or drinking wine. He was not, however, a vegetarian. His diet consisted of locusts, insects that were gathered by the natives of Judea, and parched, and served with wild honey. John has frequently been spoken of as belonging to the sect of the Essenes. This is a mistake. Our knowledge of this sect, the first form of monasticism organised in the Mediterranean world, is meagre, but we are sure John did not belong to this organisation, though it may have influenced him. The Essenes lived in communities and abjured private property and marriage. They were strict vegetarians.

John was at home in Jerusalem, where the family went regularly at the time of the exercise of Zachariah's priestly functions, but he turned his back on the luxury of the city and

retired to the desert, where he brooded on the evils of his time and his ardent desire for the coming of the kingdom of God. Living in the wilderness of Judea near the Jordan, he began to preach, and as he won converts he baptised them after the manner of the Jews, who baptised their non-Jewish proselytes. The rite of baptism as he exercised it was neither orthodox Jewish baptism, for it was administered to Jews, nor yet was it Christian baptism. It was a kind of initiation into a new order of proselytes of righteousness.

Jesus came to John for baptism, thus enrolling himself as one of John's disciples, and John testified to Jesus as the Messiah, whom he had predicted. They did not work long together and their methods, which at the outset appeared to be similar, developed wide divergence as the ministry of Jesus proceeded.

John came into conflict with Herod Antipas, whom he rebuked for his adultery with Herod's brother's wife (Mark 6:18). On this account John was cast into prison. The hatred of Herodias, Herod's mistress, now found opportunity to display itself, and she and her daughter, whose traditional name was Salome, caused him to be beheaded. Herod was troubled in his conscience on account of this murder, and when he heard of the preaching of Jesus he said,

"John the Baptist is risen from the dead" (Mark 6:14).

While John was in prison he underwent a period of great depression and doubt, and sent two of his disciples to Jesus, asking, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" The answer of Jesus must have done something to reassure him, but still it must have seemed to John passing strange that he should have been left to die in prison.

There is no finer example of loyal friendship or heroic self-renunciation in all human history than that of John the Baptist. The record shows him to have been a man of unflinching courage, of deep spirituality and of noble devotion to duty. Jesus paid to him the highest tribute that He ever paid to any man, and John deserved every word of it.

The place where John suffered martyrdom is traditionally identified with the castle of Machærus, which overlooks the Dead Sea, and the tradition is wholly probable. This narrative is supposed to have been written in that prison just before the execution of John.

There are interesting and important elements in the martyrdom of John which appear also in the sacrifice of Jesus. There are also marked differences, among which this is notable, that in the crucifixion of Jesus there is no agency

of woman. The novelists and dramatists of the world whose tendency it is to relate all tragedies to sex come squarely against this fact, that men and only men had share in the greatest tragedy ever enacted on earth. Of woman in those terrible days it has been well said,—

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue:
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave—
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

The motives that drove Jesus to the cross are to be found in the sphere of man's ambition and achievement, in political action, in institutionalised and apostate religion, in masculine greed and male cowardice.

In the tragedy of John another motive enters. Two wicked women had their important share in his death. The motives of Herodias are apparent. The question has often been raised, and cannot certainly be answered, whether her daughter, called Salome, had any other motive than the desire to please her mother. A popular drama has assumed such a motive and has worked it out ingeniously, but in the judgment of the present author, unworthily. It is not at all impossible, however, that the daughter of Herodias may have had her own reasons for her action, and that suggestion is referred to,

but not enlarged upon, in the narrative here presented.

ANDREW

THE name Andrew is from the Greek, and means "manly." He was a brother of Simon Peter, and the one through whom Simon himself came to Jesus. The Synoptic Gospels give us little except his name, grouped in its relation to that of Simon Peter in the lists of the twelve apostles. The Fourth Gospel gives to us a distinct impression of his character and service.

Andrew was a native of Bethsaida, and his father's name was John. Andrew was a fisherman, and lived at Capernaum in the same house with his brother Simon. His first appearance in the Gospel narrative is at the river Jordan, where he was a disciple of John the Baptist, and one of the first two who followed Jesus. He went out immediately and found his brother Simon and brought him to Jesus.

The actual call to permanent association with Jesus followed some months later, and the two brothers, together with the other members of the apostolic group, became the constant companions of Jesus and remained with Him to the end of his ministry.

Andrew's name appears in the apostolic lists

in the first group of four, Simon and Andrew, James and John; but in the innermost circle of three his name is omitted; Peter and the two sons of Zebedee are the three who are nearest to Jesus on the great occasions.

On two occasions, the feeding of the multitude, and the coming of the Greeks to see Jesus at the feast at Jerusalem, Andrew has a prominent part, and is associated with Philip, the only other apostle who had a Greek name. (John 6:5, *seq.*, and 12:20 *seq.*) After this Andrew is not mentioned in the New Testament, except as one of those who came to Jesus for an explanation of His prediction of the destruction of Jerusalem (Mark 13:30), and as one of those present with the apostolic group after the resurrection of Jesus (Acts 1:13).

There is a tradition that Andrew later became a missionary to Achaia, and that he was martyred at Patræ, being bound to a "decussate" cross, that is, a cross shaped like the letter X. About 740 he became the patron saint of Scotland through the belief that his arm had been brought to the town on the east coast of Scotland which in his honour is named St. Andrews.

The Muratorian Fragment preserves a tradition that John and Andrew were together in their old age, in which association John, in

obedience to a revelation made to Andrew, wrote the Fourth Gospel, and Andrew reviewed and approved it. (See Wescott, Gospel of John, p. xxxv.)

Fragments of an apocryphal work known as "The Acts of Andrew" are given in the volume of "Apocryphal Acts" edited by Bernard Pick (Open Court Publishing Company). This document manifests the ascetic tendency of a later time, and affords no insight into the real character of Andrew.

The legend of his preaching in Achaia is held by some scholars to be an error arising from a confusion of names, the real scene of his labours being, as they hold, and as I am disposed to think, on the east shore of the Black Sea. This agrees with the statement of Eusebius, the eminent church historian, that Andrew laboured in the region of the Black Sea; and he is on that account accepted as the patron saint of Russia.

His character, as the Gospel narrative discloses it, was that of an earnest, straightforward and business-like man, who did his part in a way that was generally inconspicuous but which manifested fidelity and good sense.

As he lived in the home of Simon, whose wife is mentioned, and there is no mention of the wife of Andrew, we may infer that he was

unmarried or a widower, but this, of course, is not certain. He was a devoted and useful, though not brilliant, follower of Jesus.

The following narrative assumes the truth of the tradition that he laboured in the region of the Black Sea and that the legend of his labour in Achaia is a mistake. It is supposed to have been written near the end of his long life, in prison near the Black Sea.

JUDAS ISCARIOT

JUDAS was the son of one Simon and was born in Kerioth, a city or village of Judah. This town has not been identified and some scholars incline to the opinion that the name is a corruption of Jericho.

The name Judas was a common one, being the Greek form of the Hebrew name Judah. There are six persons known to us before the time of Christ who bear this name, and six others in the New Testament. Most illustrious of all these was Judas Maccabeus, one of the noblest and most highly honoured of all the heroes of Jewish history. His popularity accounts in part for the frequency of the name.

The life of Judas, previous to his call to be a disciple, is unknown to us. We are not told when or under what circumstances he came to

Jesus. The name of Judas invariably occurs last in all the lists of the apostles, but this is because of his character and indicates nothing of the time of his coming to Jesus. That time, however, was certainly after the call of the first six, Simon and Andrew, James and John, Philip and Nathaniel, and probably also after that of Matthew and some of the others. It is to be assumed that Judas shared in the privileges and prerogatives of the apostolic group, and it is quite certain that up to the time of the Last Supper he had not manifested any such depravity as might have enabled the disciples instantly to recognise the one among them all who was most likely to betray the Lord. Whatever jealousy and suspicions existed prior to the actual act of betrayal, his associates had not marked him in their mind as wholly base, or deprived him of his office as treasurer. After that event it was easy for the disciples to remember suspicious acts on the part of Judas to which they had given little attention at the time.

The motive of Judas in the betrayal of Jesus has been the subject of no little conjecture. The Fourth Gospel speaks of him as a thief, and states that his visit to the priests with the offer of the betrayal of Jesus followed his disappointment that Mary's alabaster box of oint-

ment was not sold and the money put into the treasury, which he controlled. This we accept as a true statement. It would not be safe to presume, however, that the sole motive of Judas was resentment on account of the Bethany incident, or disappointment that he was not permitted an opportunity for pilfering from this larger sum. Nor are we justified in assuming that the thirty pieces of silver constituted his chief inducement. Had he been only a thief, he could have found some more fruitful field for the employment of his proclivities than was offered by the scanty treasury of the apostolic company.

Attempts have been made to condone his act, and even to exalt it into one of sincere, though misguided patriotism. The uncompromising words of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels concerning Judas do not permit us to deceive ourselves with any theory which would make his betrayal of his Lord a meritorious act. It must have been, however, something more than expression of covetousness, although covetousness had its part in the shameful deed.

Some years ago the writer was in Oberammergau, the guest of Anton Lang and his wife and talked with them concerning the prominence of Judas in the Passion Play, in which next to the Christus he is the leading male

character. The writer said to these friends, "I should think that any man would be reluctant to assume the character of Judas in the Passion Play, but I find it is eagerly sought for." Frau Lang could not understand my point of view. She said, "Oh, but consider how high an honor it is to be able to show the repentance of so great a sinner."

The reader of this little volume will not need to be told that of the four brief interpretations here given that of Judas presents far more difficulties than any of the other three. The viewpoint of the writer is that of the New Testament narratives. He assumes their reliability, so far as they go; but they do not attempt anything like an analysis of the motives of Judas. These almost certainly were more complex than the New Testament writers had any occasion to explore. The first three Gospels deal with these motives hardly at all and John is concerned only with the relation of the betrayal to the anointing at Bethany. It is legitimate, therefore, to inquire what were the deeper, underlying motives of Judas. In the judgment of the writer there is sufficient material for a reasonable hypothesis, which makes the crime of Judas comprehensible, while still leaving it almost shameful and despicable act.

This narrative is presumed to have been writ-

ten on Saturday, the day following the crucifixion.

JAMES THE BROTHER OF JESUS

JESUS was the first born son of Mary (Luke 2:7). Subsequently she bore to Joseph four sons, whose names were James, Joseph, Judas and Simon, and several daughters (Matthew 13:55, 56; Mark 6:3). The family in which Jesus was reared therefore consisted of five sons and not less than two daughters. The theory that these other children were older than Jesus and children of Joseph by a previous marriage, has no proof whatever and is a pure invention intended to support the theory of Mary's perpetual virginity.

It is notable that the five sons of this family all had Old Testament names,—Joshua or Jesus, Jacob or James, Joseph, Judas or Judah, and Simeon or Simon. The attitude of James himself as being very zealous for the law would appear to have been characteristic of the family in which he and Jesus were reared.

The pre-eminence of James among the "brothers of the Lord" would appear to indicate that he next after Jesus was the eldest son. He was in youth, therefore, the constant associate, schoolmate, playmate and fellow-apprentice of Jesus.

During the ministry of Jesus his brethren did not believe in Him. At times they thought Him mad and went to Capernaum to arrest Him (Mark 3:21, 31). At least once they sneered at Him (John 7:3-5). Their unbelief must have been a part of the cruel disappointment which Jesus suffered on his first return to his home town, Nazareth.

That Jesus did not fully trust his relatives is indicated in the fact that He commended his mother to the care of John.

After the resurrection, Jesus appeared to His brother James (I Corinthians 15:7). It would appear that the conversion of James was the direct result of this appearance. Of the subsequent history of James we gather from the Acts of the Apostles and from the Epistles of Paul that, after the Ascension, he, with his brothers, remained at Jerusalem in company with the eleven apostles and Mary and the other women, and that they were there together on the day of Pentecost (Acts 1:14).

One of the strangest facts in New Testament history is this, that within ten years from that time, James had become the recognised head of the church at Jerusalem, and "the brethren of the Lord" had come to a recognition that placed them above the twelve apostles. We have no information which enables us to account

for this remarkable experiment in church government, which for a time promised or threatened to lodge something like hereditary sacerdotal authority in a succession of the blood relations of Jesus. Fortunately this did not last, but it lasted for a number of years. This we must attribute in some degree to the high character of James.

Paul informs us that three years after his conversion, that is to say about 38 A.D., he went up to Jerusalem and remained with Peter fifteen days, seeing no other apostle but only James, the Lord's brother (Galatians 1:18-19). When Peter escaped from prison, about six years after this (A.D. 44), he went to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, and desired that news of his escape might be sent to James and the brethren (Acts 12:17). Most striking of all these references is that recorded in Acts 15 and in Galatians 2:9, in which about the year A.D. 51 James presided at the Council in Jerusalem, which passed definitely upon the question whether Gentile Christians were to be required to keep the Jewish law. Seven years later James was still in the same position of authority, when, about 58 A.D., Paul returned from his third missionary journey (Acts 21:18).

It would appear from I Corinthians 9:5 that James was married, but we know nothing of his

family life. Paul's reference might be applied to a sister instead of to a wife.

James came to be known as the Just. He was very zealous for the Jewish law. Early tradition speaks of him as a man of constant prayer, whose knees became calloused like the knees of a camel by his incessant devotions.

We have no account in the New Testament of the death of James. There is a tradition that he was killed by a blow from a fuller's club, but this tradition carries no great weight. He is generally believed to have been the author of the epistle of James.

The narrative here presented is presumed to have been written shortly after the Council at Jerusalem, described in Acts 15, when James was at the height of his honour as head of the Jerusalem church. It undertakes to tell something of what James might have told of his boyhood memories of Jesus and of the experiences which preceded his own conversion.

The Gospel According to JOHN THE BAPTIST

MARK 1:1-11.

THE beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ [the Son of God].

As it is written in the prophet Isaiah,
Here I send my messenger before your face
to prepare the way for you:
the voice of one who cries in the desert,
'Make the way ready for the Lord,
level the paths for him'—

John appeared baptising in the desert and preaching a baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; and the whole of Judaea and all the people of Jerusalem went out to him and got baptised by him in the Jordan river, confessing their sins. John was dressed in camel's hair, with a leather girdle round his loins, and he ate locusts and wild honey. He announced,

"After me one who is mightier will come,
and I am not fit to stoop and untie the string of his sandals:
I have baptised you with water,
but he will baptise you with the holy Spirit."

Now it was in those days that Jesus arrived from Nazareth in Galilee and got baptised in the Jordan by John. And the moment he rose from the water he saw the heavens cleft and the Spirit coming down upon him like a dove; then said a voice from heaven,

"Thou art my Son, the Beloved,
in thee is my delight."

MARK 6:14-29.

Now the preaching of Jesus came to the hearing of king Herod, for the name of Jesus had become well known; people said, "John the Baptiser has risen from the dead, that is why miraculous powers are working through him;" others said, "It is Elijah," others again, "It is a prophet, like one of the old prophets." But when Herod heard of it he said, "John has risen, the John I beheaded." For this Herod had sent and arrested John and bound him in prison on account of his marriage to Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip; John had told Herod, "You have no right to your brother's wife." Herodias had a grudge against him; she wanted him killed but she could not manage it, for Herod stood in awe of John, knowing he was a just and holy man; so he protected John—he was greatly exercised when he listened to him, still he was glad to listen to him. Then came a holiday, when Herod held a feast on his birthday for his chief officials and generals and the notables of Galilee. The daughter of Herodias went in and danced to them, and Herod and his guests were so delighted that the king said to the girl, "Ask anything you like and I will give you it." He swore to her, "I will give you whatever you want, were it the half of my realm." So she went out and said to her mother, "What am I to ask?" "John the Baptiser's head," she answered. Then she hurried in at once and asked the king, saying, "I want you to give me this very moment John the Baptist's head on a dish." The king was very vexed, but for the sake of his oaths and his guests he did not like to disappoint her; so the king at once sent one of the guard with orders to bring his head. The man went and beheaded him in the prison, brought his head on a

dish, and gave it to the girl; and the girl gave it to her mother. When his disciples heard of it they went and fetched his body and laid it in a tomb.

JOHN 1:19-28.

Now here is John's testimony. When the Jews of Jerusalem despatched priests and Levites to ask him, "Who are you?" he frankly confessed—he did not deny it, he frankly confessed, "I am not the Christ." They asked him, "Then what are you? Elijah?" He said, "I am not." "Are you the Prophet?" "No," he answered. "Then who are you?" they said; "tell us, so that we can give some answer to those who sent us. What have you to say for yourself?" He said, "I am

the voice of one who cries in the desert,
'level the way for the Lord'—

as the prophet Isaiah said." Now it was some of the Pharisees who had been sent to him; so they asked him, saying, "Then why are you baptising people, if you are neither the Christ nor Elijah nor the Prophet?" "I am baptising with water," John replied, "but my successor is among you, One whom you do not recognise, and I am not fit to untie the string of his sandal." This took place at Bethany on the opposite side of the Jordan, where John was baptising.

JOHN 3:22-30.

After this Jesus and his disciples went into the country of Judaea, where he spent some time with them baptising. John was also baptising at Aenon near Salim, as there was plenty of water there, and

people came to him and were baptised (John had not yet been thrown into prison). Now a dispute arose between John's disciples and a Jew over the question of "purification"; and they came and told John, "Rabbi, the man who was with you on the opposite side of the Jordan, the man to whom you bore testimony—here he is, baptising, and everybody goes to him!" John answered, "No one can receive anything except as a gift from heaven. You can bear me out, that I said, 'I am not the Christ'; what I said was, 'I have been sent in advance of him.' He who has the bride is the bridegroom; the bridegroom's friend, who stands by and listens to him, is heartily glad at the sound of the bridegroom's voice. Such is my joy, and it is complete. He must wax, I must wane."

MATTHEW 11:2-19.

Now when John heard in prison what the Christ was doing, he sent his disciples to ask him, "Are you the Coming One? Or are we to look out for someone else?" Jesus answered them. "Go and report to John what you hear and see: *the blind see,* the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised. And blessed is he who is repelled by nothing in me!" As the disciples of John went away, Jesus proceeded to speak to the crowds about John:

"What did you go out to the desert to see?
A reed swayed by the wind?
Come, what did you go out to see?
A man arrayed in soft raiment?
The wearers of soft raiment are in royal palaces.

Come, why did you go out?
To see a prophet?
Yes, I tell you, and far more than a prophet.
This is he of whom it is written,
Here I send my messenger before your face
to prepare the way for you.

I tell you truly, no one has arisen among the sons of women who is greater than John the Baptist, and yet the least in the Realm of heaven is greater than he is. From the days of John the Baptist till now the Realm of heaven suffers violence, and the violent press into it. For all the prophets and the law prophesied of it until John:—if you care to believe it, he is the Elijah who is to come. He who has an ear, let him listen to this.

But to what shall I compare this generation? It is like children sitting in the marketplace, who call to their playmates.

'We piped to you and you would not dance,
we lamented and you would not beat your breasts.'

For John has come neither eating nor drinking,
and men say, 'He has a devil';
the Son of man has come eating and drinking,
and men say, 'Here is a glutton and a drunkard,
a friend of taxgatherers and sinners!'

Nevertheless, Wisdom is vindicated by all that she does."

I

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN THE BAPTIST

Written in the Castle of Machaerus, on the Dead Sea, in January, A.D. 28, about one year after John's baptism of Jesus.

A PRISON is not a cheerful place in which to write, but there is little else that I can do. For a man who has led an active life to sit idly in a cell with no power to influence events either with regard to himself or the world, is far from being a cheerful situation. I must do something, or thinking will drive me mad. I wonder if any man who ever lived has been more perplexed than I. I have plenty of time to write. Moreover, conditions for writing are not unfavourable. Herod, who has cast me into prison, and is keeping me here, is nevertheless kindly disposed towards me. He has given orders that I shall not be subjected to needless discomfort or humiliation, and that I shall be well fed and kept in a cell that is light

and dry. I think that he would like to release me, but whether I shall ever escape from the confinement of these four walls I greatly question. I know what influences surround him and menace me. I know what motives of hatred and jealousy and spite are in the hearts of the two women who have committed me to this place. From the narrow window of my cell I can look across the end of the Dead Sea to Jericho, where Herod is making merry with Herodias, whom he calls his wife. Her wicked daughter, Salome, furnishes him amusement and keeps her control over him. From two such wicked women I shall not escape, save by a miracle from God, or the conversion of Herod, or some act of rescue performed on my behalf by Him whom I have proclaimed as the coming Messiah.

I might have been free had I compromised with my conscience. I might have said that I was concerned with Herod only as to his political life. Some men in my position would have made that distinction, and have sought to win the favor of Herod in order that thereby they might promote the coming kingdom of God, but I could not do this and be true to my conscience; so I told him the truth, though I knew that it would anger him and still more

would anger Herodias and her daughter. That is why I am here.

I might have been free if I had not testified to Jesus. That which cast me into prison was my declaration that He was the Lamb of God. I was looking for Him whose coming I had foretold. I believed that I had discovered Him. I told my disciples that it was He who was to redeem Israel; that was the beginning of the end for me. Since that day I have known nothing but disappointment and the agony of doubt. Was I right, or was I mistaken?

The honour might have been mine. He was a peasant, a carpenter; but I was born a priest. My mother was of the daughters of David, and my father traced his descent in direct line from the noble Eleazar of the house of Aaron. I turned away from the honours of my inheritance and those which might have been mine by right of my achievements. I made my home in the wilderness and forgot the comfort of soft raiment and the shelter of a home that I might preach the coming of One, whose name I did not then know but Who proved to be my cousin, Jesus, of Nazareth. I had gathered the crowds; I had spoken the message; and I gave all my success to Him.

Jesus and I were boyhood friends. We saw each other infrequently, but we were very dear

to each other. He visited our home in Jerusalem when He was twelve years old, for our family had a lodging there which we made our home when my father was in service as a priest. Our country home and my birthplace was in a little town near Bethlehem and Hebron, in the hill country of Judea. Two or three times in the course of our boyhood Jesus visited us there, and on the occasion of the Jerusalem visit He remained two nights at our house after his people had started back toward Nazareth. Once or twice we visited them in Nazareth. Our mothers were very dear friends. His mother, Mary, spent three months in our home, in the year that preceded his birth and mine.

Though I saw Him infrequently I loved Him sincerely. He was the finest boy I ever knew. When He came to me to be baptised and I said to Him, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" I did not mean that I recognized Him as the Messiah; for no such suspicion had ever occurred to me. I only meant that I knew Him as a lovable boy and a noble and righteous young man, and that I had marked Him in my mind as finer and more worthy than any of the scribes or notable men who had come to me from Jerusalem and had received baptism at my hands. It is not necessary for me to recall incidents from our youth.

Our life together was that of two happy, normal and serious-minded boys. We played together, we walked together, we talked of such things as boys talk together about, and the memory of it all leaves me with this conviction, that of all men I have ever known He was the noblest and the best. But was I right when I proclaimed Him the Messiah?

Why should He be the Messiah and not I? No one ever thought of calling Him Messiah until I recognized Him as being the one of whom the voice of God had said to me that I should see the Spirit descending upon Him in form like a dove. But many people thought they recognized me as the Messiah. Am I not more likely to have been mistaken than they? Was it really a dove, or was it only a dove-like halo? If it was a halo, may it have been only a passing gleam of sunlight, coloured with some unusual hue reflected from the desert, the river or the fringed bank? With so many passing phases of light and shade, almost any curious form may be assumed by cloud or gleam of light. Did it indeed resemble a dove, or was it only my imagination? And if it was a real dove that circled about Him and descended until it almost touched His head, how can I be sure the circling flight of a bird has in it any particular spiritual significance? It was a small

token to serve as the certificate of so mighty an affirmation. But how many people came to me and said, Art not thou the Christ? I answered that I was not. I denied being even a prophet; but He has said that I am a prophet and more than a prophet. Have I understated my own claim to recognition? Have I been too quick in assuming that I am not what so many good men have believed that I am?

If Jesus can be a Messiah, why may not I? Tokens of great import accompanied my birth. My father was old and well stricken in years, and I was born as one given of God in answer to prayer and destined for a special mission. Jesus is a carpenter; I was born to the priesthood. He has had the training of the village synagogue; I have had the education belonging to the eldest son of a priest.

Is it wicked for me to think thoughts like this? Alas, I am compelled to think, to wonder, to question, to doubt. God knows I have not cherished within my heart a selfish ambition; I have turned my back upon it from the first. I would not question if He were doing what it seems a Messiah should do. As it is, how can I help questioning?

All through my boyhood I felt within me the impulse to give myself to some great task for my people. I had no need to sacrifice ex-

cept for the sake of the cause I loved and the conscience which I obeyed. I grew up in comfort, and I beheld about me luxury, and my heart grieved for the sins of men, and yearned for a simple and spiritual religion.

I turned my back upon my home. I forsook the temple and the priesthood, and I meditated in the desert till I became sure that the time of the promise of the word of God was drawing near. Then I began to preach, and to say, "Turn, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Men came to hear me, in greater and still greater numbers. When the multitude asked me, "What shall we do?" I said, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath food, let him do likewise." Thus did I seek to make all men brothers, in simple living and in charity.

The publicans came to me, and I said, "Extort no more than is due you." I did not denounce them for their calling, nor demand that they leave it, but taught them to be honest and sympathetic in a hard place where they are subject to great temptations and to great abuse. So did I seek to make men honest and reputable in places of necessity, where moral risks are great, but where service must be rendered. There came to me soldiers, and they asked me, "What shall we do?" I answered them, "Extort

from no man by violence, neither accuse any man wrongfully, and be content with your wages."

Upon these, and all the children of the poor, I laid no heavy burden. But when the Pharisees came to me in their pride, them did I rebuke, and I said, "Ye offspring of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance; and say not within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our father,' for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

I told them that the axe was laid to the root of the tree, and that the trees that brought not forth fruit were to be cut down. I did not fear the face of the mighty, neither did I grind the face of the poor. I showed sympathy where men's burdens were heavy, and I was stern to those who laid the burdens upon the backs of their brother men.

And then men began to say that I was the Messiah. I did not believe it; and yet, how do I know that they were not right?

I wrought no miracle. I gathered my crowds by the power of a message that was earnest, searching and deep. I employed neither favour nor fear to win men's regard for me; I feared

God and Him only, and I sought no favour other than that which He bestows.

I do not think I was the Messiah. I think I was right in denying it. But is Jesus the Messiah? Is it He who was to come, or are we to look for another? If He is the Messiah, why am I in prison? I can not work miracles, but He can. Why does He let me lie here under the sword of Herod, and the heel of a harlot?

He came to me to be baptised. I baptised Him, remembering all the days of our boyhood, and my admiration for Him. I said to Him, "I have need to be baptised of Thee." I never said that to any priest or Pharisee, but I said it to Him, though I knew not that He was the Holy One of God. But when I had baptised Him, I saw the Dove, and I felt that I had found the Messiah.

Then He disappeared. I looked for Him, but He had gone. I was ready to decrease and let Him increase. But I could not find Him. He was away for six weeks, and He left no message. While He was gone, the pressure upon me grew. A committee came down to see me from Jerusalem. There were priests and Levites among them. They were hostile, some of them, and others were sympathetic, and some were my followers, who wanted that I should announce myself as the Messiah. I

refused to do it. I had already contrasted my own work with that of Him who was to come. I had said that mine was the voice of preparation.

So when this committee came to interview me and compel me to define my position, I was under necessity of thinking the matter through again. But I confessed, and denied not, but said unto them plainly, "I am not the Christ."

"Are you not Elijah?" they inquired.

"No," I answered, "Do not think of me as Elijah. I am not worthy to be thought of as deserving so great honour."

"Are you the promised prophet?" they asked.

"No," I said, "I am not that prophet or any other."

"Who are you, then?" they asked. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I have nothing to say for myself," I answered. "I am not the Christ; nor Elijah; nor am I a prophet. I am only a voice. I am like the nameless voice whose message is recorded in the book of Isaiah, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert the highway of our God'."

They said, "This is a very unsatisfactory answer to take back to the influential body of men who sent us to you. They are much interested. They are very desirous of knowing

the truth. If you are the Christ, their influence would be of great service to you. If you have any plans in which they can assist, they would like to know those plans, and then to consider whether assistance would be feasible. If you are not the Christ, nor Elijah, nor a prophet, why are you forming an organization? Why are you initiating people as your followers by the use of the rite of baptism?"

"I indeed baptise with water," I said, "but there standeth One among you Whom ye know not who is to baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with fire. I am not worthy to loosen the latchets of the shoes of Him who is to come."

They did not know Him, but I had seen and borne witness that He was the Son of God. But where had He gone? Why was He not there, that I might have introduced Him, and permitted Him to speak for Himself? He was away in the wilderness; and when He returned, He did not remain with me. He did not lighten my responsibility, nor did he appear interested in my plans nor consult me about them.

I saw Him the very day after the committee had returned to Jerusalem, and I said in my heart, "Here is the One for whom I have renounced all earthly honour. I will lose no time in proclaiming Him. I will begin by tell-

ing my own disciples that they must desert me, if necessary, and follow Him."

It was a hard thing to do. Those disciples of mine were very dear to me. It was not easy to tell them that I must decrease and He must increase. But I did it.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a day in February. I was returning from my day's work, preaching, teaching, baptising, and two of my disciples were with me. I saw Jesus, and without a moment's hesitatiton I pointed them to Jesus and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

I did not hesitate. I walked straight away and left them standing there. They paused a moment and looked, as I know, first after me, and then after Jesus, and then after me again, wondering just what they ought to do. But my own word had been too definite for them to misunderstand. They had long understood that mine was a work of preparation, and now they knew that the time of our separation had come. They followed Jesus. That evening and the next morning I lost five of my best disciples, Andrew and Simon Peter and Philip and Nathaniel and John the son of Zebedee, and it was not long till John's brother James joined in the group. Six disciples out of his twelve Jesus

had immediately, and as the direct result of my testimony.

I did not complain. I do not complain. I expected to lose them. I wanted to lose them. I will not ask what gain has come to me. But what gain has come to them or to the world? Is the kingdom of God any nearer? Has Jesus any programme that is to bring it nearer? What if I have lost all and there has been no gain either to my beloved disciples or the world? These are the questions that haunt me. I am not regretting my magnanimity, if anyone might call it so. I am asking myself whether it was for any good that I made those sacrifices. If so, where is the good?

They did not all leave me. Some of them I could not persuade to go away. I have disciples as far away as Egypt, and others in distant cities as remote as Ephesus. I have disciples who have never heard of Jesus, but who love me and would do anything for me if I would permit them to do so.

It was not long until Jesus was teaching more people than I. My own disciples noticed it, and came to me, telling me that He whom I had baptised was drawing great crowds, and that they knew that I could see that the crowds were no longer with me. I told them that I was the friend of the bridegroom, and not the bride-

groom, and that I rejoiced in his success.

Then came more disturbing reports. Jesus did not fast. He did not teach his disciples set forms of prayer. He seemed to have no method, no system, no program. I could not learn what He was expecting to do. Meantime, I was losing prestige, and it became easier for Herod to arrest me without bringing on a popular revolt. There was a time when Herod would have hesitated to cast me into prison. If I still had my great company of followers, even he would have thought twice before risking a popular uprising. But my company now is small, because I sent them to Jesus. And why does He do nothing to release me? Has He not the power? Or has He not the will? Or have I been mistaken? Have I trusted Him too far? Would it have been better if I had waited until He had really shown Himself to be the Son of God?

I am not bitter; I am not resentful; I am not jealous; I do not regret my renunciation. The questions that haunt and torment me do not grow out of my own selfishness. I am compelled to ask myself, having given up all, what gain is to come of it, either to me or to the world?

What I heard about His habit of life distressed me. He was not ascetic as I was. I re-

nounced fine raiment, but He wears a seamless robe of expensive pattern. I left the food of rich men's tables with the rich men whose luxury I condemned, but He feasts with them. I have never touched wine, but He is called a wine-bibber. I have been charged with belonging to the sect of the Essenes. I am not a member of that body. They live in communities, and practice their abstemious rites in common. I live in the desert alone, or with such small groups of my disciples as come to me. I live on locusts and wild honey. But He sits at rich men's tables, and I hear that He has been publicly anointed by a harlot at a feast.

I am told that He was asked why He and I were so different in our methods, and He spoke well of my method and also of his own, saying that in the kingdom of God people had wide liberty of choice, and that wisdom was justified in both kinds of her children. That was generous of Him, and I am told that He spoke words of very high praise of me, saying that I was no reed shaken by the wind, but the greatest man who had lived, and greater than a prophet. That was very noble in Him, for He and I are very different in our methods, and He was careful not in any way to criticize my way of life or method of teaching. He is generous; He is noble; He is righteous; I am not worthy

to loosen the latchets of His shoes. But why does He leave me here in prison to die neglected, while He feasts at rich men's houses, and wears expensive raiment, and accepts favours from sinners? I am not jealous; I am not a willing doubter, but I am alone and deserted and in prison and in peril of the sword. Why does He not rescue me? Is He the Christ?

I have been compared to Elijah. There is a promise in the writings of the prophet Malachi that God is to send Elijah before the coming of the Messiah. I have always understood this to mean that so great an event as the coming of the Son of God must have its foregleams of expectancy and its heralds whose hearts prepare the way. I am one of those heralds, but have no claim to be called Elijah. Yet my experience and that of Elijah's have points in common. As Elijah rebuked Ahab on Jezebel's account, so have I rebuked Herod, not fearing the wrath of a wicked woman; and as Jezebel determined to destroy the life of Elijah, so has Herodias determined to have my life. And as Elijah sat under his juniper tree and lamented, so am I in prison lamenting. God spake unto Elijah in the still, small voice that followed the earthquake and the fire; why does He not speak to me? I know that I am disposed to trust too much in fire and earthquake, but I

listen, also. Where is the Lord God of Elijah?

That Jezebel, Herodias, has sent me more than one message. Herod does not want to kill me, and she wants me to retain Herod's favor. She has sent me word that all will be well with me if I will consent to preach religion and let matters of Herod's private life alone. She can release me, and has told me so. But I will not bow the knee to her, nor worship Satan at her behest.

I hesitate to write of her daughter, but she has visited me here. She dared to go beyond the proposal of her mother, and to say that she was fond of me, and would rather have my heart than my head. But I spurned her and defied her, for she is a wicked person, and I gave heed to her not for one moment, lest I be tempted to save my life and lose my soul.

I know that Herod is privy to these proposals. Herod fears me, and respects me, although he resents my meddling with his domestic affairs. If I could come to terms with Herodias and her daughter, it would please him. I dare even think that nothing would please him more than that I should marry Salome, for my influence would tend to win back to him and his house some of the support which has come to me, and which I might utilize, if I was base enough, for my own protection. But what

would this be but for Elijah to fall down and worship Baal? Nay, I would die a thousand deaths before I would do this.

But I do not like to die. I am not yet thirty-two, and I have begun a great work, which I would live to finish. Nay, more, I want to see the kingdom of God, of which I have been preaching, and to witness the reign of the Messiah whom I have proclaimed. I have lived a stern life, but I have had the joy of living. The glory of the day and night as I have beheld them in the desert, the climbing of the purple shadows at sunset up the slope of the eastern hills, the mystery of the night with its thousand eyes, and the miracle of the dawn as I have learned to look for it, all these I rejoice to see. And mine is the normal ambition of the healthy man to achieve, to conquer, to establish something that bears his name and wins him recognition. I have not sought this selfishly, God knows, but the success which I won came to me honestly. Only by force of character and the power of my message was I able to gain with toil that which so cheaply I gave away. I do not seek it back; I do not complain. But I am terrified when I recall that He seems to be making no adequate use of what I achieved and gave to Him. Is it He that should come, or

must I look for another? Alas, if it be another, I shall not live to see Him.

When I could not longer endure the strain of uncertainty, I sent two of my disciples to Jesus, and asked Him, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

They climbed down the cliffs below the castle, and made their way along the shore of the Dead Sea and up the Jordan and into Perea and Galilee, and asked Him the question which I had taught them.

They returned yesterday, and this is the message of Jesus:

"Go and tell John the things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached unto them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall find no occasion of stumbling in me."

It was even as He said; they heard and saw all these things. Moreover, as they were leaving, they heard Him speak to the multitude concerning me, saying,

What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? a reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts. But what went ye out to see? a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much

more than a prophet. This is he of whom it is written.

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face,
Who shall prepare thy way before thee.

I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there is none greater than John: yet he that is but little in the kingdom of God is greater than he. And all the people when they heard, and the publicans, justified God, being baptised with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and the lawyers rejected for themselves the counsel of God, being not baptised of him. Whereunto then shall I liken the men of this generation, and to what are they like? They are like unto children that sit in the marketplace, and call one to another; who say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not weep. For John the Baptist is come eating no bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a demon. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold, a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! And wisdom is justified of all her children. (Luke 7:24-35).

"Blessed is he who shall find no occasion of stumbling in me." Shall that blessing be mine?

Oh, I shall never condemn the man who doubts while trying to believe! I will believe that even the doubt may be the birth-struggle of faith. I do not doubt willingly.

What are these works which my disciples saw and heard? Are they not the sure tokens of the Messiah? Surely by such works as these are we to know Him when He comes, I will not stumble in my faith; I will believe! I will not forget the Dove that descended upon Him, nor the voice from Heaven, saying, 'This is my

beloved Son," Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!

Was ever a man so tempted as I am tempted? Did ever a man struggle more painfully between doubt and faith? I will not doubt; I will, I must believe.

And yet, why does He not come to me? He took my congregation, my disciples, my message. He used my name freely for His own protection. His praise for me has been generous; His words are most kind. His credentials I can no longer challenge; but why does He not rescue me from temptation and doubt and mortal danger? Why does He leave me here to be murdered by a wicked ruler, who has sold his soul in exchange for fleshly lust? Why should I be left to die deserted and neglected, while He grows daily in popularity, and has the power of God which might release me?

He might even give me a place of honour in His kingdom; but I will not ask for that. I have made my way without help, and I can make it again alone. There is a great work that I yet might do. Why does He not release me, that I may do that work, and not die here at the whim of a daughter of Jezebel? Is it He that should come, or if not, for whom shall we look? Whom can I expect to hail as the Prince of Israel?

If He be not the Christ, then it is hopeless for us to expect a Christ at all. It must be He. I am sure that He is the Son of God. I will cling with numb hands to the skirts of God, and say, Lord, I believe.

Hark! Who is it that comes? I hear steps in the dark corridor. There is a man with a sword, and behind him I see the wanton look of the daughter of Herodias, come to tell me that there still remains for me one chance before the sword shall fall upon my neck. My narrow window looks out over the Dead Sea, and there is no life, no sound. But beyond are the hills of Judea, where there are green fields and flowing brooks and songs of birds. Life is sweet. Would God I might live. Would God I might see Him whom I have proclaimed, and be near to Him, in whatever humblest place, when He comes in his kingdom.

Now may God strengthen my heart for whatever is before me, for the hour has come when I need all my fortitude and resolution.

Come in. Stand not without, nor wait for further invitation. Whatever are your orders, perform your duty, and may God forgive those at whose behest you come. Strike, for I fear not your sword. Lord, receive now the spirit of a doubter, who dies in faith.

The Gospel According to ANDREW

MATTHEW 10:2-4.

THESE are the names of the twelve apostles: first Simon (who is called Peter) and Andrew his brother, James the son of Zebedaeus and John his brother, Philip and Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew the taxgatherer, James the son of Alphaeus and Lebbaeus whose surname is Thaddaeus, Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot who betrayed him.

JOHN 1:35-42

Next day again John was standing with two of his disciples; he gazed at Jesus as he walked about, and said, "Look, there is the lamb of God!" The two disciples heard what he said and went after Jesus. Now Jesus turned, and when he observed them coming after him, he asked them, "What do you want?" They replied, "Rabbi" (which may be translated, 'teacher'), "where are you staying?" He said to them, "Come and see." So they went and saw where he stayed, and stayed with him the rest of that day—it was then about four in the afternoon. One of the two men who heard what John said and went after Jesus was Andrew, the brother of Peter. In the morning he met his brother Simon and told him, "We have found the messiah" (which may be translated, "Christ"). He took him to Jesus; Jesus gazed at him and said, "You are Simon, the son of John? Your name is to be Cephas" (meaning "Peter" or "rock").

JOHN 6:1-14.

After this Jesus went off to the opposite side of the sea of Galilee (the lake of Tiberias), followed by a large crowd on account of the Signs which they had seen him perform on sick folk. Now Jesus went up the hill and sat down there with his disciples. (The passover, the Jewish festival, was at hand.) On looking up and seeing a large crowd approaching, he said to Philip, "Where are we to buy bread for all these people to eat?" (He said this to test Philip, for he knew what he was going to do himself.) Philip answered, "Seven pounds' worth of bread would not be enough for them, for everybody to get even a morsel." One of his disciples, Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, said to him, "There is a servant here, with five barley-cakes and a couple of fish; but what is that among so many?" Jesus said, "Get the people to lie down." Now there was plenty of grass at the spot, so the men lay down, numbering about five thousand. Then Jesus took the loaves, gave thanks to God, and distributed them to those who were reclining; so too with the fish, as much as they wanted. And when they were satisfied, he said to the disciples, "Gather up the pieces left over, so that nothing may be wasted." They gathered them up, and filled twelve baskets with pieces of the five loaves left over from the meal. Now when the people saw the Sign he had performed, they said, "This really is the Prophet who is to come into the world!"

MARK 13:1-8, 33-37.

As he went out of the temple one of his disciples said to him, "Look, teacher, what a size these stones

and buildings are!" Jesus said to him, "You see these great buildings? Not a stone shall be left on another, without being torn down."

And as he sat on the Hill of Olives opposite the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him in private, "Tell us, when is this to happen? What will be the sign for all this to be accomplished?" So Jesus began: "Take care that no one misleads you:—many will come in my name saying, 'I am he,' and mislead many. And when you hear of wars and rumours of war, do not be alarmed; *these have to come,* but it is not the end yet. For *nation will rise against nation, and realm against realm;* there will be earthquakes here and there, and famines too. All that is but the beginning of the trouble. Take care, keep awake and pray; you never know the time. It is like a man leaving his house to go abroad; he puts his servants in charge, each with his work to do, and he orders the porter to keep watch. Watch then, for you never know when the Lord of the House will come, in the late evening or at midnight or at cock-crow or in the morning. Watch, in case he comes suddenly and finds you asleep. Watch: I say it to you, and I say it to all."

II

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ANDREW

Written in prison, on the shore of the Black Sea, near the end of a long life of fruitful but inconspicuous labour.

I was there first. I do not say it boastfully, but in simple truth. I am not disputing the record. I know how it reads:

"Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother;" and so on through the list to where it ends with the names of Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot. I am not disputing Simon's right to be called the first, for in our family the rule is illustrated that the first shall be last and the last first. It is what I suppose might be called the distinction between primacy and priority. Simon Peter was a greater man than I, and I have been reminded of it too often and in too many ways to think of disputing it. For many years now Simon's name has stood before mine in the list of the

apostles, and I suppose it will always be so. Nevertheless, it was I and not Simon who first found Jesus. There was a name which some of my friends were accustomed to call me, Protokletos, "the first called," but that name has been pretty well forgotten, and everybody says, "Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew, his brother."

I remember that February afternoon when I first saw Jesus. He had just returned from his forty days in the wilderness, and I and the younger son of Zebedee were standing with our teacher, John the Baptist. We were talking about the day's work and of the number of people who had come down from Jerusalem to hear John and of several notable converts whom he had won. Every day witnessed the coming to him of some prominent man from Jerusalem who heard him preach, was baptised by him and became known as one of John's disciples. The last thing we had heard was that a committee of dignified and distinguished men had come down from Jerusalem offering to accept John as the Messiah, and we were keenly desirous of his acceding to their request, but he had refused, saying that One coming after him was mightier than himself and they were to wait for Him. We who were John's disciples had come

to feel that no man could be greater than John and were wondering who it could be that John would hail as the Messiah. To me was given this incomparable honour of having been one of the first two men to whom Jesus was pointed out as the Christ. Months afterward at Caesarea Philippi, Peter acknowledged Him as the Christ and won for himself everlasting honour; but John told me that Jesus was the Christ before Peter had ever seen Jesus. The younger son of Zebedee has told this story and has told it truthfully:

"Again on the morrow John was standing, and two of his disciples; and he looked upon Jesus as He walked, and saith, Behold, the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak and they followed Jesus." (John 1:35, 36.)

John ben Zebedee wrote that down, and he knew the truth and told it, for he was with me there. He and I were those first two disciples. John told my name and withheld his own, for he understood very well that everyone who read the story would know who was the other one:

"One of the two that heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." (John 1:40.)

That is what I mean when I say that I was the first. I do not desire to rob Peter of any

honour which belongs to him. He deserves much, and he never had any difficulty in getting all that he deserved. His force of character, his quick decisions which were sometimes wrong but much oftener right, his readiness to meet an emergency, his warm, generous and courageous nature entitle him to the high regard which has been accorded him. Let no one accuse me of seeking to rob Peter of anything that belongs to him. He was my brother, well beloved; but I came to Jesus before he did.

Peter has told his story. He gave the facts to John Mark and he has written them out in a short and very interesting narrative. Matthew and Luke have made large use of it. To a great extent Mark's gospel is Peter's; and so, in a very real sense, are those of Luke and Matthew. Peter's story is a thrice-told tale, and it is well told. Peter deserves all the honour which this three-fold narrative accords him. But Peter did not tell Mark everything. Of late John ben Zebedee has written down his recollections, and they are not only interesting but important. In a way the most interesting thing about them is that they contain so much which neither Mark nor Matthew nor Luke had recorded and yet which is far too precious to be forgotten.

I know very well that I can never write a

book like that of John ben Zebedee. I can not even write a book like that of Mark, which is much shorter, and with the story told forthright, without any such embellishments and discourses as John incorporated into his story. But I can tell what I remember and bring together a few things that are already written, but which are so scattered and incidental that people have very nearly forgotten and many have quite lost something of their real significance.

Let me go back to that first day when we saw Jesus. I do not suppose I can make anyone understand just how we had been feeling and what we had been talking about during those impressive days when the preaching of John the Baptist stirred the heart of all Palestine. We who had lived beside the Sea of Galilee heard from time to time of the mighty and growing interest which Judea felt by reason of his preaching. Every traveller who came our way, fording the Jordan between the Sea of Galilee and the waters of Merom, brought news of the great revival in Judea. It was not simply the numbers in the crowd, but the high standing of the people who came to John and confessed their sins that attracted our attention.

We kept hearing about this and grew more and more interested until we came to feel that we must have some share in it.

At this time I was living in Capernaum with Peter. We were engaged in the fishing business together. We owned a boat; it was I who first found that the boat was for sale, and Simon who first decided to buy it. I was unmarried. Simon was married to a girl whom I met first and to whom I introduced him. I sometimes thought I could have loved her myself if Simon had not been more prompt than I. I made inquiry among travellers as to the preaching of John and told it at night to Simon and his wife, and it was Simon who said, "Let us go down to Bethabara and hear John."

So we left Capernaum, and took with us provisions, and went to listen to the preaching of John, I and my brother Simon, who was later called Peter.

It was difficult to secure lodging near the Jordan, but we fishermen did not care about that. We made a camp of our own. We brought some of our food with us, and now and then we cast a line in the Jordan and caught a fish and broiled it. We lacked nothing that strong men care for. And what we heard and saw was most interesting, thrilling and inspiring.

We went out into the wilderness to see John, and we saw him. He was not a man clothed in soft raiment, neither was he a reed shaken with the wind. He wore his shaggy coat of

camel's hair as if it had been ermine, and he fastened his leather girdle around his lean body as if he were girding on a sword.

How he preached, and how men listened! All men believed him a prophet. Matthew has told the story of what we saw and has told it better than I can hope to do:

> And in those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of through Isaiah the prophet, saying,
>
> The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
> Make ye ready the way of the Lord,
> Make his path straight.
>
> Now John himself had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his food was locusts and wild honey. Then went out unto him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about the Jordan; and they were baptised of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins. But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said unto them, Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance: and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And even now the axe lieth at the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. I indeed baptise you in water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptise you in the Holy Spirit and *in* fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his threshing-floor; and he will gather his wheat into the garner, but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire. (Matthew 3:1-12).

Mitred priests and proud Pharisees trembled when they heard such words as these. Is it any wonder that we fishermen were profoundly moved? Simon and I made haste to enroll ourselves as His disciples. We stepped into the Jordan side by side, but John baptised Simon first. It was always that way. And yet I think it was I, who said to Simon before he said it to me, "Surely this man is a prophet and when I hear him preach I feel constrained to confess my sin and enroll myself as one who is waiting for the kingdom of God.

While we were at the Jordan, we met the younger son of Zebedee, John, whose home was in Bethsaida and whom we knew very well. He and his brother and father were our enterprising competitors in the fishing business. Though competitors we were friends, as good fishermen know how to be. We did not love them well enough to let them get first to a good place for fishing if we could avoid it, nor did we willingly yield to them a place before us in the fish market at Capernaum, where they sometimes came to dispose of an extra large catch. Now and then we were partners for a little time, so that we knew them well. John and I, the two younger brothers, were frequently thrown together.

I should like to say a word about John ben

Zebedee. It has come to be common to speak of him as "the beloved disciple," and that is the term which he likes to hear applied to himself. I believe he deserves it, but anyone who will read the four stories of the life of Jesus that have already been written will see that the first three of them give no hint that he was lovable. He and James were both vehement fellows, who well deserved to be called "Sons of Thunder." They were forever wanting to call down fire and brimstone on somebody. They were second or third cousins of Jesus and had influential friends in Jerusalem, and their father, Zebedee, had prospered in the fishing business. Beside this they had an ambitious mother, Salome, the wife of Zebedee. She was forever pushing them forward and they were quite willing to be pushed. The rest of the twelve were moved with indignation more than once when they saw how she was seeking selfishly some advantage for her two boys and how ready they were to accept their mother's intermeddling. John was no favourite among the disciples, as anyone can see who reads the story as it is written by Matthew or Mark or Luke. It is only John himself who tells that he was the disciple whom Jesus loved, but he tells it truly. I think Jesus discovered in him from the beginning something that was

capable of being made not only lovable but loving. I have often wished I knew what it was that Jesus saw in me that made Him wish to have me follow Him. My brother Simon and my associate John both became distinguished in the apostolic group and I am hardly more than a name there. It is not wholly a thing to give one pleasure, this of being associated always with men in whose shadow one must be lost to sight. All my life I have been accustomed to being over-shadowed by Simon; but now it has come to pass also that John ben Zebedee, that rough, hot-tempered, ambitious, young son of Thunder, stands as far above me as my great brother Simon, and what is more strange, he won his distinction as an apostle of love.

I do not complain of this, but I never have done anything to deserve it. I have been from the first, yea, from before the first, a sincere follower of Jesus.

I shall never forget that afternoon in February of which I have already spoken. After John had pointed out Jesus we two young men stood a moment wondering what to do next. John had turned and went toward his hut in the wilderness. Jesus went the other way, the glory of the descending sun making a halo around Him as he walked from us. We stood for a moment irresolute, then I began to follow,

and John ben Zebedee went with me. We walked slowly at first and hardly knew that we were following Him, but we quickened our pace unconspicuously and He turned and spoke to us.

"What are you seeking?" he asked.

We did not know how to answer Him, for we did not know what we were seeking. There was something in our hearts that impelled us to follow Him, and we could not have told in words just what it was. We asked Him in whose home He had lodging, and he invited us to go with Him. So we stepped up beside Him, John on the right hand and I on the left, and we came to his lodging a little way back from the Jordan.

I wish I could tell what we talked about that wonderful evening. In very truth I cannot remember. It seemed to me very wonderful and my heart told me that I had found the Master of my life.

But I could not help thinking as we sat there together, "I must find Simon." So after awhile I slipped out and left Jesus talking with John while I went and found my brother and brought him to Jesus.

After that it seemed as though I never could get quite so near to Him as I wished to do, for either Simon or John was closer to Him. No doubt they had the better right, and yet I like to

remember that my brave, warm-hearted brother Simon found Jesus through my invitation.

This also I like to remember that I was following Jesus before He called me, even before that blessed moment when He turned around and asked us what we wanted and whom we were seeking I was a follower of Jesus. From that hour I have not ceased to be His follower. This thought makes me happy when I remember it.

We left the Jordan on the next day. Before we left Jesus called another disciple, a fellow townsman of mine, named Philip. Philip had a friend named Nathaniel whom he brought to Jesus as I had brought my brother Andrew. I have no doubt John would have found his brother James in like manner if James had been in Judea at the time, but James had remained in Bethsaida with his father Zebedee. Virtually, however, Jesus found His first six disciples all within twenty-four hours. There were three pairs of us, myself and Simon, John and later his brother James, my friend Philip and his friend Nathaniel.

We started for Galilee. Jesus told us that His reason for going at this time was that He had been invited to a wedding at Cana. I could not help wondering what John the Baptist would think of that as a reason for leaving the work

which just then was going so prosperously. John wanted help, yet he was not a man whom it was easy to assist. He had his own ways of working and not every man could work easily with him. I have often thought it was just as well that he and Jesus worked apart, for I do not think their ways of working had very much in common. Nevertheless, I think it was a disappointment to John that Jesus went away just when He might have been of some help to John. John had had an anxious time of it. The crowds had wearied him and people had been insisting that he should say whether he was the Christ or not. He had told them that he was not the Christ and had told me and John ben Zebedee that Jesus was the Lamb of God. I am sure he expected Jesus to stay and assume the responsibility of that announcement, and I do not think he would have considered a wedding a sufficient reason for the departure of Jesus, but John's ways and Jesus' ways were never alike.

John ben Zebedee has told the story of the wedding at Cana, and it is not necessary for me to repeat it. I have often thought, however, that people have not adequately recognized the significance of Jesus' first miracle. It was not a work of healing, nor was it an effort to undo the effects of sin. Jesus did it just to add to the sum of human joy. It was not wrought

under any strain of desperate need. No one was in any pain excepting the hostess who was troubled because her hospitality might appear stinted. That made Mary anxious, and she told Jesus. The occasion seemed utterly trivial, yet Jesus wrought his first miracle under those conditions. I hope I shall not seem irreverent if I say that it has always seemed to me that in some respects that miracle more truly than any other that Jesus ever wrought shows the true character of his mission. He did not come to earth simply to make life bearable. He came to augment every reasonable human joy.

There is another of the miracles of Jesus in which I have a special right to be interested, for I think that I helped to make it possible. That is the one in which Jesus fed five thousand people. All four of the men who have told the story of Jesus have written the account of this, but here again it is the son of Zebedee who relates most fully that part of the story in which I have most reason to be interested. He has told how Philip had calculated that if we should spend all the money we had in the treasury, about two hundred dollars, it would hardly more than give each man a meager portion. He then tells this about me:

"One of His disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto Him, There is a lad here

who hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many?"

That is a true statement, and I do not feel ashamed of it. There was need that Philip should be calculating what could be done if we spent our all and it was certainly a proper thing that some one of the twelve disciples should be looking around to find what food there was in sight. There may have been more. I have heard it said that the real miracle consisted in this, that when the multitude saw Jesus dividing the contents of that one basket they became ashamed of what they had been hoarding and followed His example and so everyone was fed. I do not know about this: I only know that I was looking after the food supply and that was all there was in sight and I brought that boy to Jesus.

I got no glory out of the miracle; indeed, I have been criticised for going around lifting the lids of baskets and inquiring about other people's business, but I maintain that what I did was legitimate and important. However the miracle was wrought, I have no reason to believe that the boy and his basket would have been found if I had not discovered them.

Concerning this miracle also I feel like saying that I do not think it has had all the weight to which its character entitles it. It was in

some respects the largest of Jesus' miracles. It touched more human lives than any other. It was not called out by any stern necessity. Those hungry people could all have gotten to some of the little towns along the lake and there have obtained food. They would have suffered some little inconvenience, but none of them would have died. Jesus fed them not because they were starving to death, but just because they were hungry. Hunger is not disease; hunger is not sin; food is not medicine. I am very sure that most people have not sufficiently considered how largely the gospel makes its appeal to that which is normal in human life.

Of course I know about Jesus' miracles of healing, and I do not deny their importance, but in a way it is not so important that one sick man should be healed as that five thousand hungry people should be fed.

I think of these things often and I have this feeling that people had admired and wondered at the striking and unusual elements in the ministry of Jesus and have not adequately considered its normality.

Perhaps I should have felt differently about some of the miracles if I had been closer to them. It must be remembered that never after the very first was I in the innermost circle. When Jesus had to meet any special experience

He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee. All the other disciples resented this and I had most reason of all to resent it, because I had been first and my own brother, whom I brought to Jesus, was taken into those deeper experiences which I was not permitted to share. Perhaps I am too practical and not spiritually minded enough to have appreciated all of them. This I know that there is a certain disadvantage in being just outside. It sets one to wondering and asking questions, which those who are within do not seem to ask. Maybe that is why the turning of water into wine and the multiplying of the loaves seemed to me so significant. When these happened I was close by.

I have never been able to understand just why it was that I was just outside the inner circle. Anyone who will read the list of the twelve apostles will see that it is made up of three groups of four, and that in each of the four groups except the first there is some variation in order, but always the same name comes first. The first group consisted of our two sets of brothers, Simon and Andrew, James and John. The next group was composed of Philip and Nathaniel, Thomas and Matthew. The third was comprised of James, the son of Alphaeus, Thaddeus or Judas "not Iscariot," Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot. We were

not four groups of three each, but three groups of four each, and each four again was divided by two. In such a grouping, it would surely have seemed inevitable that I should always have been in the innermost circle, and not at the outermost edge even of that. I should have been second in the innermost group. But it was not so.

The first time Jesus manifested this discrimination was at the raising of the daughter of Jairus. We were all present when Jesus was sent for, and all wanted to go with him, and expected as a matter of course that it would be so; "but He suffered no man to follow with Him, save Peter and John and James the brother of John." (Mark 5:37, Luke 8:51.) The rest of us simply stood outside with the crowd and waited to learn at second hand what occurred. The awe of the miracle so impressed us that we forgot to be displeased at the time, but we talked about it afterward, and none of us liked it very well, and I had most reason of all to resent it.

At the transfiguration, again, He took the same three men with Him, and left the rest of us below confronted by a task too great for us. When He came down from the mountain, He healed the epileptic boy, and we who had been trying to heal him not only had to take the

blame of the failure, from which Peter and James and John escaped, but we had no share in the glory of the transfiguration. I am sure that none of those three could have done any better than we, and we did our best.

Again, on the night of His betrayal, He took Peter and James and John with Him into the middle of the garden, and left the rest of us, eight in number, to watch near the gate. We were all tired to death, and we slept, the first three as well as the rest of us; and were all ashamed of it afterward. But the three especially chosen were no more alert than the rest of us. That was the thing that annoyed me, and I may as well admit it. I was overlooked on all the really important occasions. The intimate three were selected, not simply out of the whole body of twelve, but out of the first group of four, and I was the one invariably omitted, and the other three did not behave any better than I did. I felt somewhat hurt about it, and I may as well admit it. I no longer think of it with the feeling of resentment which I once cherished, but I have never understood it very well. And this is why I saw the ministry of Jesus from a point just outside the inner group. I was one of the first four, but I was not one of the first three; and yet at the beginning I was one of the first two.

I am glad to remember that on one important occasion near the end of His ministry, I was in the innermost group. As Jesus was leaving the temple on the afternoon of Tuesday just before His crucifixion, we called His attention to the greatness of the building, and He said that the time was not far distant when the temple was to be destroyed.

We talked about it as we climbed up the slope of the Mount of Olives, and wondered what He meant. I was walking with my brother, and we were joined by James and John. They were debating what Jesus could possibly have meant by that declaration. I wondered why they, who saw more of Jesus than any of the rest of us, did not ask Him what He meant. So I said to them,

"If you want to know, why do you not ask Him?"

They said, "Come with us, and let us ask Him."

So we went together, "Peter and James and John and Andrew" (Mark 13:3) and asked Him, "Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign when all these things are about to be accomplished."

Then Jesus told us the terrible things which are recorded in those stern chapters toward the end of the Gospels. We trembled as He

spoke those words. But toward the end, He changed His manner and returned to His old manner of speaking in parables, a thing He had not done for some time, and He told us the three parables of the Ten Virgins, the Talents, and the Sheep and the Goats.

I have always been glad that I was one of those who asked Him the question. The parable of the talents has always been very dear to me. I have not as many talents as my brother Simon, and perhaps not so many as either of the sons of Zebedee; but I have used my talents faithfully, and He said that I am not to lose my reward.

All these memories come back to me now when I am an old man and in prison on the shores of the Black Sea. My life has been long and my labours have been arduous and fruitful. If I have not been able to do such things as my brother Simon did, at least I have been a devoted follower of my Lord and I have served Him with fidelity. Even in these regions where I have spent my life and have been faithful to the end, my fame is eclipsed by the zeal and organizing ability of one Saul who is called Paulus. They say I am to be crucified; if so, I shall ask this one favour, that I be not nailed to the cross as Jesus was nailed and that the cross

be not like His, for I am not worthy to die as my Lord died.

I have lived my life, I have borne my testimony and now I am writing the story as I sit here in prison. I have no expectation that this will be counted worthy to be received into the collection of books that already are held in high honour. It may even be neglected or forgotten and my name among the twelve may be little more than a name, but I know that I have done my duty even though obscurely.

Of all the twelve apostles I only and Philip had names from the Greek. His name signified "the horseman": my name means "manly". Names do not always truly denote the character of those who bear them, but if nothing else is remembered about Andrew, let this be remembered that from the first call of Jesus to the end of His long ministry and even now as he faces death, he has done his duty, like a man.

The Gospel According to JUDAS

JOHN 12:1-8.

SIX days before the festival, Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus stayed (whom Jesus had raised from the dead). They gave a supper for him there; Martha waited on him, and Lazarus was among those who reclined at table beside him. Then Mary, taking a pound of expensive perfume, real nard, anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair, till the house was filled with the scent of the perfume. One of his disciples, Judas Iscariot (who was to betray him), said, "Why was not this perfume sold for ten pounds, and the money given to the poor?" (Not that he cared for the poor; he said this because he was a thief and because he carried the money-box and pilfered what was put in.) Then said Jesus, "Let her alone, let her keep what she has for the day of my burial. You have always the poor beside you, but you have not always me."

JOHN 13:21-30.

On saying this Jesus was disquieted in spirit: he testified and said, "Truly, truly I tell you, one of you will betray me." The disciples looked at each other, at a loss to know which of them he meant. As one of his disciples was reclining on his breast—he was the favourite of Jesus—Peter nodded to him, saying, "Tell us who he means." The disciple just leant back on the breast of Jesus and said, "Lord, who is it?" Jesus answered, "The man I am going

to give this piece of bread to, when I dip it in the dish." Then he took the piece of bread, dipped it, and gave it to Judas, the son of Simon Iscariot; and when he took the bread, at that moment Satan entered him. Then Jesus told him, "Be quick with what you have to do." (None of those at table understood why he said this to him; some of them thought that as Judas kept the money-box, Jesus told him to buy what they needed, for the festival or to give something to the poor.) So Judas went out immediately after taking the bread. And it was night.

MATTHEW 26:47-50.

While he was still speaking, up came Judas, one of the twelve, accompanied by a large mob with swords and clubs who had come from the high priests and the elders of the people. Now his betrayer had given them a signal; he said, "Whoever I kiss, that is the man." So he went up at once to Jesus; "Hail, rabbi!" he said, and kissed him. Jesus said, "My man, do your errand." Then they laid hands on Jesus and seized him.

MATTHEW 27:1-10.

When morning came, all the high priests and the elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, so as to have him put to death. After binding him, they led him off and handed him over to Pontius Pilate the governor.

Then Judas his betrayer saw he was condemned, and repented; he brought back the thirty silver pieces

to the high priests and elders, saying, "I did wrong in betraying innocent blood." "What does that matter to us?" they said, "it is your affair, not ours!" Then he flung down the silver pieces in the temple and went off and hung himself. The high priests took the money and said. "It would be wrong to put this into the treasury, for it is the price of blood." So after consulting they bought with it the Potter's Field, to serve as a burying-place for strangers. That is why the field is called to this day "The Field of Blood." Then the word spoken by the prophet Jeremiah was fulfilled: *and I took the thirty silver pieces, the price of him who had been priced, whom they had priced and expelled from the sons of Israel; and I gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord had bidden me.*

III

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JUDAS.

Written Saturday, the day following the Crucifixion.

I do not write to excuse myself. I know full well that I have sinned beyond the possibility of pardon here on earth and I know not if it be possible in the mercy of God that I shall have forgiveness in heaven. I am not writing with any thought that I shall be able to set aside or even greatly to modify, the merciless judgment which coming generations must pronuonce against me; nor can any condemnation by whomsoever uttered surpass that of my own conscience. I have betrayed the innocent blood. I have seen Him hanging on a tree whom I had chosen as my leader and Lord and whom I believed to be the noblest and best of men, and I know that largely it was my fault. I am little concerned with the judgment of history upon me, knowing as I do that I am under the righteous condemnation of God and the bitter reproach of my own conscience. The thirty

pieces of silver, until yesterday in my possession, are a mill-stone round my neck, which it seems must drag me to the bottom of the abyss. My lips are blistered with the memories of the treasonable kiss I gave Him. Life has become unbearable. If I do not die of remorse I shall surely take my own life. Great would be my joy this minute if I could feel myself nailed, not to His cross, for I am not worthy of that honour, but to the cross of one of the two robbers who were crucified beside Him. Neither of them was so base as I. Think not that I write to excuse myself. All that I write and all that anyone else will ever write will serve only to increase my condemnation.

Nevertheless there are some things which ought to be said, not in apology for me, but as giving from a different point of view an account of the ministry of Jesus. I am sure that none of the other disciples will ever do this as I think it should be done, even if men so illiterate should ever write their recollections of the ministry of Jesus. If I write at any point in criticism of them, or any of them, let it not be thought that I am seeking to exonerate myself.

I was born in Judah; my very name Judas is the glorious name of Judah, with the Greek ending. It meant in the language of our fathers, "One who deserves to be praised." It

is more than an honourable name; it is a glorious name. It is the name of the "Lion Tribe." It is the name of the most noble and illustrious of all the twelve tribes of Israel. Jesus himself traced his birth through this tribe. Ten of His disciples were Galileans: Simon the Zealot and I shared with Jesus the honour of descent from Judah. Simon and I were born in Judah and I was named for that most stalwart of the sons of our father Jacob.

We two were born in Judah, Simon and I, and we two are mentioned last in the lists of the apostles. We who came from the proudest of the tribes had this perpetually to irritate us, that we were looked upon as having hardly any right even to a place among Galileans. Whenever people asked how many apostles Jesus had and what were their names, the lists always began with Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, and the next names were those of the two sons of Zebedee. Then after all the rest, most of them commonplace and insignificant men, came the two names from the one really great tribe, the names of Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot.

I know very well that I had no right to even the lowliest place among the disciples of our blessed Lord. I am not deserving of even the least of the honours that came to me in the months of my association with Him. Neverthe-

less, it is not a light thing to a proud man, a man who is justly proud of his birth and social position, that in every compilation of a list of names of men with whom he is associated, the names of fishermen and publicans should stand above his own. I know that in intellect and training and business ability and knowledge of the world I was their superior. If scholars in the future shall examine the records with care they will find some readings in which I am spoken of as the "first," or "chief," among the disciples. I will not pretend that I ever deserved any such title, and I am confident that no one will be deceived by any such fortuitous survival of an incidental record. Nevertheless, there have been those who were in no wise partial to me who did not hesitate to say that in family prestige, native ability and education, I was not behind the very chief of the apostles. Certainly I must have had some abilities which they all recognized, or I never should have been chosen as treasurer, nor should I have been retained in that position for months after rumours had come into circulation that I was pilfering from the treasury. Whether these reports were true or false I shall consider later. I am speaking now of my position as a member of the apostolic group. It was an uncomfortable position from the start, and if in any degree it

was my fault, that fault was not wholly mine.

I wonder if anyone would believe me when I say that my motives in becoming a follower of Jesus were not wholly bad. My character had in it traits enough that were and are unlovely, but I was sincere in my love for my country. The traditions of the old days, when Israel had a name and a place among the nations, and Judah was chief among the tribes, were very precious to me. From boyhood I was thrilled when I heard about them. I longed for an opportunity to show my devotion to that which had made my nation great. Does anyone suppose that I joined the society of Jesus for the mere sake of the little money which I might possibly be able to filch from the bag? They underrate my ability as a thief, to say the least. I could have found more profitable places to win confidence and betray it for the reward of money. The love of money was strong in me, but had that been my only motive it would have kept me away from the company of that little band of fishermen with the paltry contents of their small treasury. I believed myself a patriot and had some reason for this opinion.

I had no real associate in the apostolic group, excepting Simon, the Cananæan. He was a patriot, and fought with Judas of Gamala, who

headed the opposition to the census of Quirinius. He bitterly resented the domination of Rome and contested with the sword every assumed right of aggression. He risked his life for the glory of Israel when the other disciples of Jesus were quietly fishing in the Sea of Galilee. Jesus Himself said that no man had greater love than he who laid down his life for his friends; Simon the Zealot put his life in peril for the principles of the Kingdom of God and he was the only man among them who had ever risked anything for the sake of the kingdom.

I was not a soldier like Simon, but I was a Judean as he was. I loved my country as he did; I associated myself with Jesus from the same motive that carried him into that uncongenial group. I gave up a better home than most of the apostles and better worldly prospects and business opportunity, but my name always appeared at the end of the list, and Simon came next to the bottom, he who had risked the most.

The apostolic group was made up of cliques. Simon Peter and the two sons of Zebedee became a kind of self-appointed committee, to whom should be entrusted all the innermost confidences of the company. Matthew the publican had no large group of friends among the apostles, but he was popular outside with peo-

ple of his own rank, and that gave to him a kind of prestige, even though in some respects it was one of doubtful honour. The whole group of Galileans nagged and annoyed me. They who came from that province, whose blood was mixed with that of the Gentiles, that province utterly unknown by name in the days of our national glory, looked upon us who came from Judah with unremitting jealousy and never ceased to snub us.

I know it may seem unworthy to mention this and things like this, and these are indeed things insignificant in comparison with my own great sin; but at least it can do no harm that men should know that my position has been one of constant discomfort.

If ever any of the disciples of Jesus should tell the story of his ministry, they would be compelled to tell how again and again the disciples quarrelled among themselves as to who should be the greatest among them. It happened over and over. Jesus rebuked it once by calling a little child and saying that he was greatest in the kingdom. We all understood what that meant, but that was not the end of the matter. Jesus had this in mind when He said to us, "See that ye fall not out by the way." Whenever our minds were free from pressing cares, that was the question that came

up. I was ambitious and so was Simon; so were all the rest. James and John were insufferable in their ambition. Only a few days ago, as we were approaching Jerusalem, their mother, Salome, came to Jesus and they with her, begging Jesus that they might sit the one on His right hand and the other on His left in His kingdom. I will not deny that Simon and I coveted those places for ourselves, but we had better sense than to get our mothers to tease Him to give them to us. If I was any more ambitious than the others I think I may say that it was because I was more intelligent. They had come to Jesus from his own neighbourhood, from the vicinity of Capernaum, where He had established His residence. They did not at the outset look on their discipleship as involving their permanent leaving of home to be with Him, but when I turned my back on my home in Judea I knew that it meant something like a permanent departure from my lifelong associations. I was ambitious; of course I was ambitious. I believed that Jesus was to establish a kingdom and that He would choose as His foremost officials those who from the beginning of His ministry had left their homes and become His followers. I believed that I had something that I could contribute to the movement and that I should deserve both recog-

nition and reward. If this was sinful it was a sin which I shared with all the other disciples, and I am sure that I could not have exhibited it any more hatefully than did the men from Galilee.

Those Galileans had mostly known each other before. They were brothers or cousins or partners one of another, holding their common interest against outsiders, like Simon and me, but still jealous of each other. Unlike Simon and myself they had no large idea of sacrifice in coming to Jesus. They measured their sacrifice in terms of lost time from their fishing, but Simon measured it in terms of danger which he had encountered and I measured it in terms of possible bloodshed. Simon and I were consistent revolutionists. If the kingdom ever came it must come by the overthrow of Rome. If Rome was overthrown it must be by military force. Inasmuch as a little country like ours could never hope to rally an army great enough to stand against Rome, I knew that there must be favourable circumstance, either political or supernatural. I came to Jesus because I believed He had the power to rally men to Him and to organise them into a successful army of resistance against Rome. If we could begin a revolution in our own country, we might hope that we could rout the local Roman guards and

hold our territory successfully against forces that Rome could immediately send for our subjection.

Let me confess that I never really loved Jesus. It was not affection for Him that drew me to Him. On the contrary, there was in Him that which made me ill at ease. I felt that He was able to read my character as no other man. In His presence I felt a sense of self-reproach such as no one else ever gave me; but if I did not love Him, I admired Him and was willing to follow Him; for I loved the kingdom, which He preached.

I have said that I am not seeking to justify myself. I realise that what I am saying may seem to contradict that statement. I do not intend to do anything that can truthfully be called self-justification, but I want to make it plain that my coming to Jesus was not wholly the result of evil motives. I have said that Simon and I were consistent revolutionists. Jesus knew this when He accepted us as disciples. He knew that Simon had fought with the sword against the Romans and that I, a Judean, had come into His Galilean company because of my very strong sympathy with our national hope. I still think that we ought not to be too severely blamed for not understanding Jesus better in this particular. How could

we have been expected to know what Jesus meant when He talked about the Kingdom of Heaven? He knew what meaning we gave to that term. If He chose to give it a new meaning, how could we be expected to know it? He was continually putting new wine into old wine-skins till the wine-skins burst. Was David's kingdom wholly a spiritual kingdom? Was the kingdom of God as the Psalmists sang of it a kingdom wholly of the soul? Did they not tell of the Messiah coming to break the nations into pieces like a potter's vessel? Was the kingdom of God which the prophets promised us entirely a matter of spiritual comfort? Did they not see the Messiah coming from Edom with garments dripping and spattered with the blood of the enemies of Jehovah? How was I to be blamed for an idea of the kingdom which I learned from the holy prophets? John the Baptist believed in the kingdom not very different from that in which I believed. And so did the other apostles of the Lord.

I think perhaps my view of the Kingdom of God was more definite than that of most of the other disciples because I had thought more about it; and for this reason it may have been harder for me than it would have been for them to believe that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, but none of them ever came to realise that.

even up to the hour when Jesus was crucified.

I have spoken of a sense of self-reproach which I felt in the presence of Jesus. One time He addressed us and said, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." At first I could not believe that He meant me. Yet there was something in the word which caused my heart to sink within me. I felt that He knew that while the others had come to Him as full of wrong ideas as I, they had come with a more genuine affection. When the poor woman of the street washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair and He forgave her all her sins for the greatness of her love, I felt that love such as hers was something in which I could have no share. My devotion had been of a calculating sort. I had reckoned with more of deliberation than the other disciples on the substantial rewards of the kingdom.

I have been accused of stealing. Yesterday I would have resented the charge. To-day I confess it, for it seems to me a small sin compared with that which now I have committed and must shamefully confess. From time to time I took money from the common purse. But I was suspected of stealing a long while before I stole, and I think suspicion made it easier for me to be a thief. I am by nature a covetous

man, yet for a long time I knew of these suspicions and did not steal. Latterly I have stolen, whether more or less than they suspect I cannot tell.

John, the son of Zebedee, never liked me. I have never heard of his saying a gracious word about me. I have been told that he has attributed to me the discontent among the disciples last Friday night, when Mary of Bethany broke her bottle of perfume and poured it upon His head. I did complain. So did all the others. It seemed to me the most extravagant thing I had ever witnessed. That perfume represented a working man's wages for a year. We had been living none too abundantly, and here was opportunity to replenish our own treasury for the stern days ahead of us, or to make a notable gift to the poor, who at the time of the feast are thick as flies in Jerusalem. There has been no incident in all the ministry of Jesus, which seems to me more incomprehensible than his willingness to have so much money wasted upon Him for the satisfaction of a single hour. I confess that I protested, and so did all the others. Indeed, it was that very incident which threw me into such a passion that I began to consider for myself how I could turn our situation into financial advantage. So I went to the High Priest, and I

earned those thirty pieces of silver to my everlasting shame.

But while covetousness has been with me a lifelong fault, and this money adds to the blackness of my sin, it was not solely for money that I proved false to Jesus. That became the occasion of my crime, but the causes lay deeper.

I betrayed Jesus. I confess it to my everlasting shame. I plead no excuse, yet with it all I did not mean to murder Him. It never occurred to me that such a result would follow the information which I gave to the priests. They were anxious to arrest Jesus at a time when He could be taken into custody without raising a popular disturbance. They dared not arrest Him while He was speaking in the temple. They undertook to do this last October, when He was in the city at the Feast of Tabernacles. The officers of the law came back without Him. They were overawed by the people and half converted by the words they heard Him speak. Spies had been watching the home of Lazarus where Jesus went every night. Jesus made a secret arrangement for a place to eat the Passover Supper and I felt sure that after that He would be likely to go to some other place than to the home of Lazarus. I thought the olive orchard, Gethsemane, was where He would be likely to go and spend the rest of that moon-

light night. I told the priests of this probability and offered to be their guide.

But I did not mean to murder Him. I believed that He had grown timid. He had never used His mighty power for His own protection. I believed that I could force Him to do so. On Sunday morning He had ridden into Jerusalem in triumph, and our hearts leaped for joy as we saw Him thus proclaiming Himself the Messiah. But after that He seemed more cautious. The days were slipping by, and He was not asserting Himself. He left the Temple Tuesday evening with no indication that He intended to return.

This seemed to me an appalling situation. We had come to Jerusalem, menaced by a great danger and inspired by high ardour. Sunday and Monday everything went His way. He drove the money changers from the Temple and no man dared lay hands on Him, but all day Tuesday He fought a losing battle, and when He left the Temple in the afternoon I realised that the end had come unless we could rouse Him to some new act of self-assertion.

How could I force Him to utilise the power which He possessed? All day Wednesday He hid in Bethany. On Thursday He made His secret arrangements for the eating of the Passover and afterward hid in the orchard. To

guide the soldiers to His place of hiding would be to force an issue. I was sure that He would rise to the emergency. I said to myself that in a way my betrayal was the expression of my faith. When Jesus went up to Jerusalem, I, in common with all the others, thought He would be killed. When Thomas said, "Let us go with Him that we also may die with Him," my heart responded to the suggestion, but I soon began calculating how if the situation should become as serious as that I could at least save my own person free from harm. But when I saw His courage and the rising enthusiasm of the people I thought I had begun to understand the motive of Jesus. He had been farther sighted than I had. He had repressed us until He saw that the time was ripe. Now He was asserting Himself. We forgot that we had started to die with Him and resumed our discussion, as to who should be the greatest. I began to say to myself that I was the best business man in the company; that my buying at wholesale had saved Jesus and the disciples a good deal of money and that I was entitled to a commission on my purchases. When I saw Him indulging in what I thought reckless extravagance, I saw no reason why I should continue to practice petty economies. So I became a thief; rather I will say, I manifested the fact that I already

was a thief. But I was not solely a thief. I was a man of good business ability whose talents were under-rated and who turned a passing occasion to commercial advantage.

I acted in covetousness, but far more in resentment. It was my opportunity to vent my long cherished hostility toward the whole crowd of the Galileans, but I never though that Jesus would die.

On that last night my heart warmed to Jesus in an act which I understood to be one of appreciation. I had the seat of honour at the table. I was next to Jesus, and when He dipped the sop He gave it to me in token of friendship. Yet somehow that very act had in it a quality which I resented. I felt that He read my character and knew my lack of love for Him and realised that He could not trust me. His very kindness turned in my soul to bitterness and it seemed as though the spirit of evil grew more definitely personal within me at that very moment.

My shame grows deep when I remember the sign by which I betrayed Him. I kissed Him. I agreed with the priests upon this as the token of betrayal. From that hour until now my lips have burned as though they were hot coals in the memory of that shameful act. And now as I look back upon it my shame grows greater

as I see that this possibility had long been inherent in my lack of love, my covetousness, my sinful and selfish and sordid spirit. And the worst of all is the memory of the kiss I gave Him.

I stood aside after the kiss and waited for Jesus to manifest His divine power. I thought He would summon twelve legions of angels. I thought they would smite down the guard and that Jesus would return in triumph to the Temple. I thought that He would proclaim himself king and drive the Roman soldiers from the city. I had a vision of the blessing it would bring to the people of Jehovah. Our people were perishing under oppression; their national hope was dying, and the religion was losing its hold upon their lives. I thought of Judas Maccabaeus, for whom I was named. He was a mighty deliverer of the people of God, and Jesus was mightier than he. I had looked upon the misery of my people and my heart waxed hot. I calculated the greatness of the power of Jesus and I dared even to fancy that He would thank me when all was over that I had forced Him into a position where He would use that power, assert His Messiahship and deliver His people. Then I thought we should see who is the greatest in His kingdom. I said within myself, "The greatest of the apostles will not

be any of those Galileans who smell of fish; it will be I, Judas, of the royal tribe, the man of affairs and business experience. I shall be recognised as having brought in the kingdom."

Alas! No legion of angels came. The mob bound Him and led Him away. They jeered Him and they scoffed at Him; they blindfolded Him and mocked Him, and all the mighty power which I expected Him to use remained quiescent. If He had it He did not use it. He saved others; Himself He could not save.

They brought Him before Pilate, and He was condemned to die. They led Him forth beyond the wall of the city and crucified Him and with Him two robbers. Would that one of them had been I.

And now He is dead, and the world has lost Him who might have been its Saviour had I not betrayed Him. I with my covetousness and resentment and pride and selfish patriotism, I delivered Him to be crucified. I betrayed Him with a kiss. I sold Him for thirty pieces of silver.

Thank God I did not keep the money. While yet He was hanging on the cross I hastened to the Temple and offered it back to the priests. They would not take the money. They shrugged their shoulders when I proffered it and said I had earned it and it was no further concern

of theirs. When I cried out in agony of soul that I had betrayed the innocent blood, they said, "That is your own affair and no concern of ours." I flung it on the floor and came away. A little while later I went back and I heard them talking among themselves as to what they would do with it. They had been bargaining with an old man, a potter, for a piece of ground to use as a burial place for the poor. It was good for nothing else. He had dug off all the soil to get at the clay for use in his business. They had driven a hard bargain with him and had an option on the property for thirty pieces of silver. The money which I received for the betrayal of Jesus was just enough to buy this scarred and sterile tract, with hardly enough of soil left upon it to provide graves for the outcast and the stranger. Let me be the first to lie in it. Let me go thither and see if there be in it a tree where I may hang myself and there be buried among the paupers and the outcast.

I cannot live with the memory of my guilt and the consciousness of my shame, yet before I die let me leave this record that He to whom I came under the impulse of the glad hope that He should redeem Israel seems to me still to have been the noblest and the greatest of men. What He meant by the Kingdom of God I do

not know, and I am a stranger to love such as He taught and manifested. But in Him I have seen the power and compassion and the grace of God, and in Him have I beheld the power and the glory of God, which I hoped would be for the redemption of Israel.

Can it be that the redemption is larger than I have dared to hope? May it be that after all His kingdom is coming as He said, not with observation but as a spiritual power that is to transform the world? I do not know. I cannot understand. I cannot even think. Behind me is the mocking memory of lost opportunities. Within me are the tortures of a soul self-condemned and to be condemned by all coming generations of mankind. Before me is the blackness and hopelessness of death.

But might it be that His love, which is unto the uttermost, could forgive even me? I must not presume upon such great mercy. Let me fall into the hands of God and not into the hands of man. I heard His word to the penitent robber upon the cross, for I was hiding near. I longed to run and hide my face at His feet and plead for His forgiveness, but I knew I was not worthy. I know His love can save even unto the uttermost, and I wonder if in the life beyond there may be for me one faintest gleam of hope. I do not know. Alas! I do not know.

The Gospel According to JAMES

MATTHEW 13:57-58.

NOW when Jesus had finished these parables h. set out from there, and went to his native place, where he taught the people in the synagogue till they were astounded. They said, "Where did he get this wisdom and these miraculous powers? Is this not the son of the joiner? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brothers James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? Are not his sisters settled here among us? Then where has he got all this?" So they were repelled by him. But Jesus said to them, "A prophet never goes without honour except in his native place and in his home." There he could not do many miracles owing to their lack of faith.

MATTHEW 12:46-50.

He was still speaking to the crowd when his mother and brothers came and stood outside; they wanted to speak to him. But he replied to the man who told him this, "Who is my mother? and who are my brothers?" Stretching out his hand towards his disciples he said, "Here are my mother and my brothers! Whoever does the will of my Father in heaven, that is my brother and sister and mother."

JOHN 7:1-10.

After this Jesus moved about in Galilee; he would not move in Judaea, because the Jews were trying to kill him.

Now the Jewish festival of booths was near, so his brothers said to him, "Leave this and go across into Judaea, to let your disciples witness what you can do; for nobody who aims at public recognition ever keeps his actions secret. Since you can do these deeds, display yourself to the world" (for even his brothers did not believe in him). Jesus said to them, "My time has not come yet, but your time is always at hand; the world cannot hate you, but it hates me because I testify that its deeds are evil. Go up to the festival yourself; I am not going up to this festival, for my time has not arrived yet." So saying he stayed on in Galilee. But after his brothers had gone up to the festival, he went up too.

1 Corinthians 15:1-8.

Now, brothers, I would have you know the gospel I once preached to you, the gospel you received, the gospel in which you have your footing, the gospel by which you are saved—provided you adhere to my statement of it—unless indeed your faith was all haphazard.

First and foremost, I passed on to you what I had myself received, namely, that Christ died for our sins as the scriptures had said, that he was buried, that he rose on the third day as the scriptures had said, and that he was seen by Cephas, then by the twelve; after that, he was seen by over five hundred brothers all at once, the majority of whom survive to this day, though some have died; after that, he was seen by James, then by all the apostles, and finally he was seen by myself, by this so-called "abortion" of an apostle.

GALATIANS 1:15-19.

But the God who had set me apart *from my very birth called* me by his grace, and when he chose to reveal his Son to me, that I might preach him to the Gentiles, instead of consulting with any human being, instead of going up to Jerusalem to see those who had been apostles before me, I went off at once to Arabia, and on my return I came back to Damascus. Then, after three years, I went up to Jerusalem to make the acquaintance of Cephas. I stayed a fortnight with him. I saw no other apostle, only James the brother of the Lord.

IV

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JAMES

Written A.D. 47, shortly after the Jerusalem Council as described in Acts 15.

IT has been said to me repeatedly that I, of all men living, am most competent to write the life story of Jesus of Nazareth. There have been times when I have felt disposed to share this opinion. I knew Him from my cradle; the same roof sheltered us for nearly thirty years. He was my daily playmate in childhood, my companion in the village school and at the carpenter's bench. We ate of the same food; we drank out of the same cup; we slept in the same bed. All through the days of our boyhood we lived together, studied together, played together and worked together. In these later years I have come to be honoured as the head of the church in Jerusalem, and in this central position have had official opportunity such as perhaps no other man has had of meeting those who were associated with Him in

the years of His public ministry. The material at my disposal is abundant, but I have never felt that I could write the story of His life. Up to the present time, no one has done that. Several people have collected brief quotations from His preaching, and I am told that two of those who were associated with Him, and perhaps others beside them, are gathering materials for biographical sketches. So far as knowledge of the facts of His first thirty years is involved in such an undertaking, my opportunities are better than those of any other man; and while I was not with Him in the years of His ministry, I have obtained knowledge of the facts from those who knew them best. But I do not think I shall ever write the story of His life.

I plan to write a letter some time telling what I believe about faith and works, particularly as this doctrine relates itself to some things in the preaching of Paul. So far as I have any plan to write this letter is all that I now contemplate. I shall find opportunity to express my view of a number of practical topics, but I do not think I shall go deeply into questions of doctrine, except on this one point. As for the rest, I am writing this brief sketch largely to refresh my own memory of the strange events of the years of my life in their

relation to the life of Jesus of Nazareth, my brother.

I am now just forty-eight years old, two years younger than He would have been had He lived. I wonder how He would have looked if He had lived to be fifty years of age. His hair would begin to turn grey, as mine has begun, and He perhaps would begin to walk with a little less of elasticity in His step. He was so young when He died, so full of vigor, so erect, so buoyant. It is not easy for me to think how He would have looked at fifty. I measure His age by my own. It is harder for me to think of Him as other than youthful because I saw little of Him in His last three years. During that period He grew out of my knowledge, so I remember Him as wearing the crown of youth undimmed by the increase of years.

We were a family of ten; Joseph, my noble father; Mary, my beloved and beautiful mother; besides five sons and three daughters. Our parents had been very careful to bring us up with high regard for the law. They named the five sons, Joshua, or as we pronounced it according to the Gentile usage, Jesus; Jacob, or as the Gentiles speak it, James; Joseph, Simeon or Simon, and Judas, which is another way of spelling Judah, the name of the royal

tribe from which we trace our descent, the tribe of the great king David. All these names were carefully chosen out of our ancient law. Our father and mother were zealous keepers of the law in all its details. My mother had a fine mind, a poetic gift and a deep love of the literature of our noted men. There is a song of hers, which has been preserved, beginning:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

It shows the quality of her mind and the beauty of her literary style, for she was gifted as few women are gifted. My father, Joseph, was a carpenter by trade, and that is an honourable calling, but he was much more than a carpenter. He was a high-minded gentleman, capable and resolute. He was sometimes called, "The Just," and I count it a high honour that some have applied this term to me, his son. I have heard the story of how he took my mother and her first born son to Egypt, thereby defeating the efforts of the king to destroy the child. Few men would have shown such resolution, such capacity for swift and accurate judgment, such ability to provide support for himself and his family in a foreign country and through all the following years such nobility of soul that the boyhood memory of Jesus gave

colour to his thinking when He taught men to pray to God and call Him, "Our Father." There is a story gaining some currency that Joseph was much older than my mother, and that he was her protector, but never really her husband, and that we children, other than Jesus, were the children of a previous marriage. That is not true. He was but little older than my mother and of a suitable age to be her lover and her husband. Their life together was one of mutual confidence and affection.

Upon me as the second son fell the burden of responsibility for the household, which should have belonged to Jesus in the later years of his boyhood, but which was lightened for Him in order that He might have more time for study. To Him accrued all the honour belonging to the first son and more. My mother regarded Him with a special favour which she took no pains to disguise. My father held Him in sincere affection, but I cannot help thinking that he stood in a certain sense in awe of Him. From our earliest childhood there was recognition that Jesus deserved special consideration. His family has been criticised, and with some measure of justice, because we were not at first ready to believe on Him. I accept with deep sorrow my own share of responsibility for this. I was jealous of Him, resentful of His

special privileges, disinclined to think Him any better than His brothers and sisters. It grieves me now when I remember that it was written of me and of my three brothers, "Neither did His brethren believe on Him."

But if His family deserves to be chided for its unbelief, there is a sense in which it should receive credit for that special consideration which was given Him through all the years of His youth. From the time when my father gave up his home and his business to take Him to Egypt, the family was always finding some special way in which to show its sense of high regard for Him and of obligation to assist in His career. Jesus learned my father's trade and worked at it. After my father's death, which occurred in the first years of our young manhood, He was for a time the principal bread-winner of the family; nevertheless it was always understood that He was to study to be a rabbi, or a teacher; and we all helped to make that possible.

I have often been asked whether Jesus in His boyhood showed any sign from which he could infer that He was different from other boys. To this I answer that as I look back I can recall some incidents from which it is easy to infer that He was always superior to other lads. But there was nothing which at

the time plainly indicated a marked difference. He was an industrious boy, and when He worked He worked hard. We hewed our timber for the carpenter shop from the hills above Nazareth. He had strong arms and could cut down a tree with deep strokes of the axe, and when He lifted it upon His shoulder to carry it home, it was with a display of manly strength which it was good to see. Those who have thought of Him as delicate in health or feminine in bodily or mental development are all wrong. There was about Him a strong and fine virility, which we all admired. He was a fine playmate; He always played fair; He never was jealous when others had the advantage; He was always quick to recognise merit in a contestant, but those who contested either strength or skill against Him had no easy task. He played with a genuine love of healthful sport. There was only one thing which made Him angry in play, and that was so characteristic of Him that He used to refer to it in His sermons. It was the selfish spirit, which refuses to play unless the player can have His own way. He used to say, "If you want to dance I will pipe for you, and if you want to play funerals I will howl with you, but I have no use for a playmate who will not play unless he is coaxed and petted and can have his own way all the time." He hated every

kind of sham; He played as He worked, with ardour and a generous spirit. I remember the time when He left home. We did not realise that He was saying Good-bye. I have often wondered how fully He Himself realised it. He said that He wanted to go away for a rather long vacation. He was going to hear John preach, and He might stay several weeks. Our mother charged Him,

"Don't forget to return in time for the wedding of our friends in Cana."

He promised her that He would surely return in time for that. He wanted to please her, and moreover, He enjoyed such occasions. Our weddings are merry, even boisterous, events. They last a week, and sometimes longer. It has been a matter to which I have given much thought, that all through the days of his fasting in the wilderness, the days in which He was meeting with the mighty problems that came with the new revelation and adventure, He was keeping in mind that engagement, and He returned to Galilee in time for the wedding.

I am sure that people have not thought enough about this social side of the life of Jesus. He dealt so much with sickness, with sorrow and sin, it is not easy to remind ourselves how He began His ministry on the plans of people's normal life, and of His fine and inspir-

ing companionship. We were all at that wedding, and were eager to hear from Jesus and Simon and Andrew and Nathaniel and Philip and John, all that they had to tell about their experience at the Jordan. They told us much during those days of the feast, for in this manner is news conveyed and discussed in communities like ours. There was solemn discussion as to the real meaning of John's preaching, and who was to follow him and be the Messiah; and there was also great mirth as there always is at our weddings.

We did not know at the time that the men who had come back with Him had really accepted Him as the Messiah. I do not think they quite understood the full import of what they had done. John the Baptist had told two of them that Jesus was the Lamb of God, and they followed Him, and brought their friends. They knew that they had become His followers, but I do not think they expected at this time that they were to leave their work and follow Him. It was several months after this that He called them from their boats and organised them into a band of twelve. They did not talk much about this when we met them at the wedding. He did not return with us to Nazareth, but went with them to Capernaum. It was only

by degrees we realised the break that had come between Him and His home.

I remember well His first return to Nazareth. By that time He had become noted, and the village was eager to see Him. He returned in the middle of the week, without previous announcement, and spent a few days in the old home.

It grieves me when I think of this visit. His brothers resented it that He had been gone so long, when work was pressing and that, returning, He did not take up His tools again. We had been working hard while He had been away on what seemed to us a very futile absence. It was all very well to go away for a rest, and listen to the preaching of John, but to be gone for weeks that grew into months, and return without any intention of going back to work, angered us all. We were resentful, and were curious as to what He intended to do. We had seen His mighty work at Cana, and had heard much of his preaching, and we were unsympathetic and hostile. I do not like to tell these things, but they are true. We were not kind to Him when He returned to His home.

It grieved our mother to witness our strained relations, and she sought how she could mediate between Jesus and His brothers. But in truth, she was herself troubled by the change, and

could not adjust herself to it. We all looked forward to the Sabbath as the day which would bring some development either for the better or worse.

During the intervening days, Jesus visited some of the homes where people were sick. He knew all these sick people. Some of them He had known all His life. I believe He had come back desiring above almost anything else to help those of His old neighbours whom He knew to be in need. But His efforts failed. A very few people said they felt better after He had called, but most of them asked, "Is not this the carpenter? Who taught Him to be a prophet or a rabbi? Is not this the son of Joseph, and is not His mother's name Mary? And do we not know His brothers, James and Simon and Joseph and Judas? Why should He pretend to be any better than the rest of us? He is no rabbi! He is no prophet! Do not let Him deceive you! He is only Joshua, the carpenter. If you look at His hands, you will find the calouses that were made by the hammer and the saw. He shall not deceive us, for we know all about Him."

There is no place more critical, more skeptical, more lacking in readiness to believe anything great of one of its own citizens, than a small town. It is not so in cities. There men

know that men can be great; they have seen great men, and have known them as fellow-citizens. But it is not so in a small town that has never had any great men. The people there have a comfortable contempt for any claim that rises above mediocrity on the part of any man whom they have actually known.

When the morning of the Sabbath came, He rose early, and walked among the hills about Nazareth. I wonder if you know how beautiful those hills can be. There grow the wild flowers in profusion. I have seen the hillsides red with poppies, and wonderfully spangled with all the colours that God has given as raiment to the flowers. Before He began to preach, I heard Him say what later He put into His sermons,

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

He climbed among the flowers to a hill above the village where one may look toward the east, and behold the Sea of Galilee, with the hills beyond Jordan; to the west, and the blue Mediterranean with the headland of Mount Carmel jutting out into the sea, and bearing high above water and plain the scene of Elijah's sacrifice; to the north, where one may discern the snow-clad summit of Mount Hermon, and to the south with the plain of Esdrælon, whose rich

soil is red with the blood of heroes through all the centuries of Israel's history.

From there He came to the synagogue, which was filled with his old neighbours, who should have been His friends. But He had already seen the skeptical looks, and heard the incredulous laugh of those who did not believe in Him.

He read the Scripture lesson that day. The words were thrilling:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings
to the poor:
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

We of His own household knew that He had come to that Sabbath service out of a bitter experience of disappointment. He had tried His new power and it had failed to function. He had laid His hands upon the sick in His own town with indifferent results. A few claimed to be better, but as for the rest, they acknowledged no benefit from His ministry. He had felt His failure keenly. So far as I knew, this was His first failure, and He was distressed because of it. He failed just where He wished most to succeed. He failed in His own town where He knew the people best and loved them most. He felt the chagrin of it, the reproach

of it. He knew just what people were saying about it, how incredulous and unsympathetic was their attitude, and He had a great desire to vindicate His reputation and to do good in His home community, but He had not succeeded.

And we of His own household had seen Him fail and secretly had gloated over it. We were pleased that He had not shown Himself superior to the rest of us. So petty and mean was our spirit, so unworthy our jealousy, we were not sorry to see Him fail. It made us seem greater in our own eyes that He had not shown Himself as great as He was reputed to be.

I know that this is an unpleasant thing for people who come after me to read; let none suppose that it is easy to write. It shows us in our least lovable aspect; it reveals our most ungracious qualities. But it is true, and we sat in the synagogue and heard Him read that passage from the book of the prophet, and waited for Him to speak, and we were hostile and jealous, and we did not wish Him to succeed.

He began to preach, and immediately we were interested. His words were spoken in a tone and manner that carried conviction. But the interest wandered from His message to the hope that He would work a miracle. People were saying,

"Let us see whether the physician will heal

himself, and this carpenter will prove a worker of signs."

Jesus knew this feeling. He had felt throughout the days of His sojourn among us the impossibility of His performing any worthy work in His own town; for lack of faith forbade a truly spiritual result, and He would not manifest His mighty power to satisfy curiosity. He said:

"No prophet is accepted in his own country. There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, but unto none of them did he go, but to a widow in the land of Sidon. There were many lepers living near to Elisha who were not healed, but a man who had faith enough to cause him to travel from Damascus was healed."

Then the people in the synagogue rose in wrath, and dragged Him out of the pulpit, and buffeted Him and cuffed Him and pushed Him to the outside of the village, and to the brow of the Nazareth hill. But when they got Him there, no one had quite courage to push Him over. He turned and faced them all, and calmly walked through the crowd, and returned to Capernaum.

It grieves me to remember that the first buffetings He received were from his old neighbours, and that His first outspoken critics were the friends who had known Him longest; and

that He knew too well the meaning of His words when He said that a man's foes should be they of His own household. For thus did Nazareth and His family reject Him when He first came home. And that was why He left home forever, and made his residence in Capernaum.

Rumours continually came to us of the great work He was doing, but we were incredulous. At length there came a day when we four brothers of His persuaded Mary our mother that it was our duty to go to Capernaum and bring Him home and place Him in a mad-house. For we verily believed that He had gone insane. We could not gain entrance to the house where He was speaking, so we sent word to Him; but He knew why we had come, and He refused to come out. Nay, it breaks my heart to remember that we drove Him to the necessity of repudiating us publicly. He declared that He had no brothers and no mother except those who did the will of God. Mary, my mother, went back to Nazareth weeping when she heard this, and we her sons were ashamed that we had exposed her to this rebuke; but still we did not love Him, nor believe in Him.

After a while we heard that the crowds had left Him, and that He was shunning the society of people. He had withdrawn with His disciples, and was keeping out of popular sight.

My brothers and I were going to Jerusalem to the Feast of Tabernacles, and we made a call on Him. We taunted Him with hiding when His business was to be well known. We tried to goad Him into going to Jerusalem to what we felt sure would be His public humiliation. May God forgive us for our cruelty.

He gave us no satisfaction. But toward the end of the feast He appeared, and stood preaching publicly and courageously. There was an attempt to arrest Him, but the officers of the law heard Him preaching as they struggled through the crowd, and went back to the priests, saying, "Never man spake like this man."

I wonder when I remember these things that we did not become His followers, but we did not. We were angry and jealous and unworthy.

How did we come to change?

It was our mother, Mary, who first was convinced. Six months after the Feast of Tabernacles occurred the Passover, and our mother insisted upon going to Jerusalem. We tried to dissuade her, but it was no use. She said a number of her friends were going and she would be well cared for. So she went with them. There was Salome, the mother of James and John, and Mary, the Magdalene, and a group of others, and as it happened they were all or nearly all of them friends of Jesus. By the

time she reached Jerusalem our mother was thoroughly convinced; her heart had been with Him all the time, but she had been bewildered. During the last week in Jerusalem she saw Him several times, and when He hung upon the cross she was there, very nearly His last words concern her. He provided for her care in case her sons did not become His followers.

But we did become followers of Jesus. After His death a great wave of self-reproach came over us that we had let Him die, our own brother and dearest friend, and never had encouraged or helped Him. I myself had a vision of Him after He was risen from the dead, and upon my bended knees I asked Him to forgive me for my hardness of heart and unreadiness to believe. That which I did not do while He still lived I did when I knew that He lived again. Other people called me His brother; I call myself His servant. He is my brother but He is also my Lord.

I must mention a strange thing that has come to pass. When I became a follower of Jesus it was with the thought that I should be the humblest among his followers, for I had known Him longest but had been latest in confessing Him. I gave up my home in Nazareth and came to Jerusalem. If there was any peril I wanted to share it; if there was any work to be

done or sacrifice to make I wanted a part in it. But when I came my brethren in the church refused to permit me to serve humbly. They honoured me for His sake and gave me office in the church even above those who from the beginning had been His disciples. I am the first elder in the Jerusalem church; nay there are those who have applied to me that strange Gentile title of *"episcopos."*

I have been and am most zealous for the law and a strange situation has risen among us by reason of the preaching of a very zealous missionary, who was born in Tarsus and whose name is Paul. He has been preaching among the Gentiles and teaching them that it was not necessary for them to obey the Jewish law. We have just had a very earnest discussion about it with brethren here from many places waiting to see how the matter should be decided. We were much perplexed, but at length it seemed clear to me that religion as Jesus taught it is broad enough and sympathetic enough to include men of all nations and that we ought not to impose upon the Gentiles a yoke which even we have found heavier than we could bear. And so we have decided that Gentile Christians shall not be required to keep the Jewish law, though Jewish Christians will continue to do so.

I am sure that those who were present at

the council were surprised when I took this stand, and almost as much so when Peter agreed with me. For Peter had seen a vision and had heard a voice saying, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean."

So now it is arranged that our religion is to be broad enough to include those whom we regard as orthodox and those who seem to us to be heretical. The more I think about it, the more I feel sure that this is what Jesus would have had us do. For, while He was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, He sent us into all the world; and if the Gospel is to go into all the world it must adapt itself to the needs of men everywhere. The law, as Paul said to us, was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ; but having found Christ, it is not necessary that we regard all its forms as essential even for us, much less that we should burden our Gentile converts with them.

It is clear to me that I could never preach this doctrine effectively; mine is a Gospel for the Jews. But Paul holds this to be of the very essence of the Gospel, and we have agreed that we have no right to forbid his preaching it. Even so Jesus said, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is with us."

So it may be that what we have just done is greatly to widen the scope of our great work,

and perhaps assist in carrying the good news into all the world. For myself, I confess I wish it could carry with it the full observance of the Law of Moses; but we have agreed that we shall not insist on this.

To some people it seems as though we had surrendered something of vital importance in making this concession, but I cannot help believing that we are acting in the spirit of Jesus. He had no favour for those who bind heavy burdens upon men. Religion for Him did not consist in any set of forms, but in a willingness to know God's will and to follow it in loving obedience. For what is true religion and undefiled before God, but to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

I am much disturbed by some things which Paul has been preaching. In his effort to adapt the teaching of Christ to the Gentile world he has seemed to me to make many and strange departures from the teaching which we hold here in Jerusalem. He says much about faith and speaks lightly of works, whereas it has always seemed to me that faith without works would be dead, and that faith must be shown in righteous works. I have thought of writing my views of these subjects and of giving some practical admonitions concerning life in the

Church, and concerning the spirit in which we ought to fulfill our mission as followers of Jesus. Perhaps I shall do so some time. It is difficult to avoid a quarrel between those followers of Jesus who are very zealous of the law, as I am and always have been, and those who like Paul declare that we are redeemed from the curse of the law. But one thing I am sure, his kind of preaching is adapted to the people to whom he ministers and we have no right to deny that those are Christians who have received the Holy Spirit even as that Spirit has been received also by us.

Thus I am privileged, though unworthy, to behold the good news as my brother taught it spreading from Jerusalem through all Judea and Samaria and Galilee and far into distant lands. I behold the failure of all efforts of men who oppose it, and I see it going triumphantly forward, so that here in Jerusalem priests and honourable men are among the followers of Jesus and in distant places men and women of rank and title proclaim themselves His followers. I remember the days of our boyhood together, of our discussions in the carpenter shop, of our interpretations of those wonderful promises in the Holy Scriptures concerning the coming of God's Messiah, and now I know that

He with whom I had these boyhood conversations was Himself the Christ.

Here in Jerusalem, the city which crucified Him, the number of His followers grows daily, and I remember that He said that if He were lifted up from the earth He would draw all men unto Him. I, His brother, His companion, and now His humble follower, thank God that, though tardily, I came to recognise Him as the Saviour of mankind, and I daily pray for the spread of His kingdom until men everywhere shall honour Him as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

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